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THE MISSING SHIP.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

She left the port in gallant style,
  With sails and streamers full and free!
I watch'd her course for many a mile
  Far out upon the distant sea!
At dusk she lessen'd to a speck,
  And then I could not trace her more!
Sad hearts were beating on her deck,
  Sad hearts were beating on the shore.

II.

Two of the outward bound I knew,
  One beautiful, the other brave—
The master worthy, and the crew
  Born to contend with wind and wave:-
For travel some, and some for gain,
  And some for health had gone abroad;
Our prayers were with them on the main,
  God-speed the ship and all on board!

III.

That vessel never reached the land!
  No tidings of her ever came!
Those who beheld her leave the strand,
  For years in anguish heard her name!
And even now in vain they try
  To breathe it with a tranquil lip,
Or hide the moisture of the eye
  While speaking of that missing ship.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A PANIC IN THE OUTLAWS' DEN.

> Imagination frames events unknown,
> In wild, fantastic shapes of hideous ruin,
> And what it fears creates! HANNAH MORE.
>
> Dark doubt and fear, o'er other spirits lower,
> But touch not his, who every waking hour,
> Has one fixed hope and always feels its power.
> CRABBE.

Upon the very same night, that the three robbers were surprised and captured by the presence of mind of Capitola at Hurricane Hall, Black Donald, disguised as a negro, was lurking in the woods around the mansion, waiting for the coming of his three men with their prize.

But as hour after hour passed and they came not, the desperado began heartily to curse their sloth—for to no other cause was he enabled to attribute the delay, as he knew the house, the destined scene of the outrage, to be deserted by all for the night, except by the three helpless females.

As night waned and morning began to dawn in the east, the chief grew seriously uneasy, at the prolonged absence of his agents—a circumstance that he could only account for upon the absurd hypothesis that those stupid brutes had suffered themselves to be overtaken by sleep in their ambuscade.

While he was cursing their inefficiency, and regretting that he had not himself made one of the party, he wandered in his restlessness to another part of the woods, on the opposite side of the house.

He had not been long here before his attention was arrested by the trampling of approaching horsemen. He withdrew into the shade of the thicket and listened while the travelers went by.

The party proved to consist of Old Hurricane, Herbert Greyson, and the sheriff's officers, on their way from the town to Hurricane Hall to take the captured burglars into custody. And Black Donald, by listening attentively, gathered enough from their conversation to know that his men had been discovered and captured by the heroism of Capitola.

"That girl again!" muttered Black Donald to himself. "She is doomed to be my destruction, or I hers! Our fates are evidently connected! Poor Steve! poor Dick! poor Hal! Little did I think that your devotion to your captain would carry you into the very jaws of death!—— Pshaw! hang it! let boys and women whine! I must act!"

And with this resolution Black Donald dogged the path of the horsemen until he had reached that part of the woods skirting the road opposite the park gate. Here he hid himself in the bushes to watch events. Soon from his hiding-place he saw the wagon approach, containing the three men, heavily ironed and escorted by a strong guard of county constables and plantation negroes, all well armed, and under the command of the Sheriff and Herbert Greyson.

"Ha, ha, ha! they must dread an attempt on our part of rescue, or they never would think of putting such a formidable guard over three wounded and handcuffed men!" laughed Black Donald to himself.

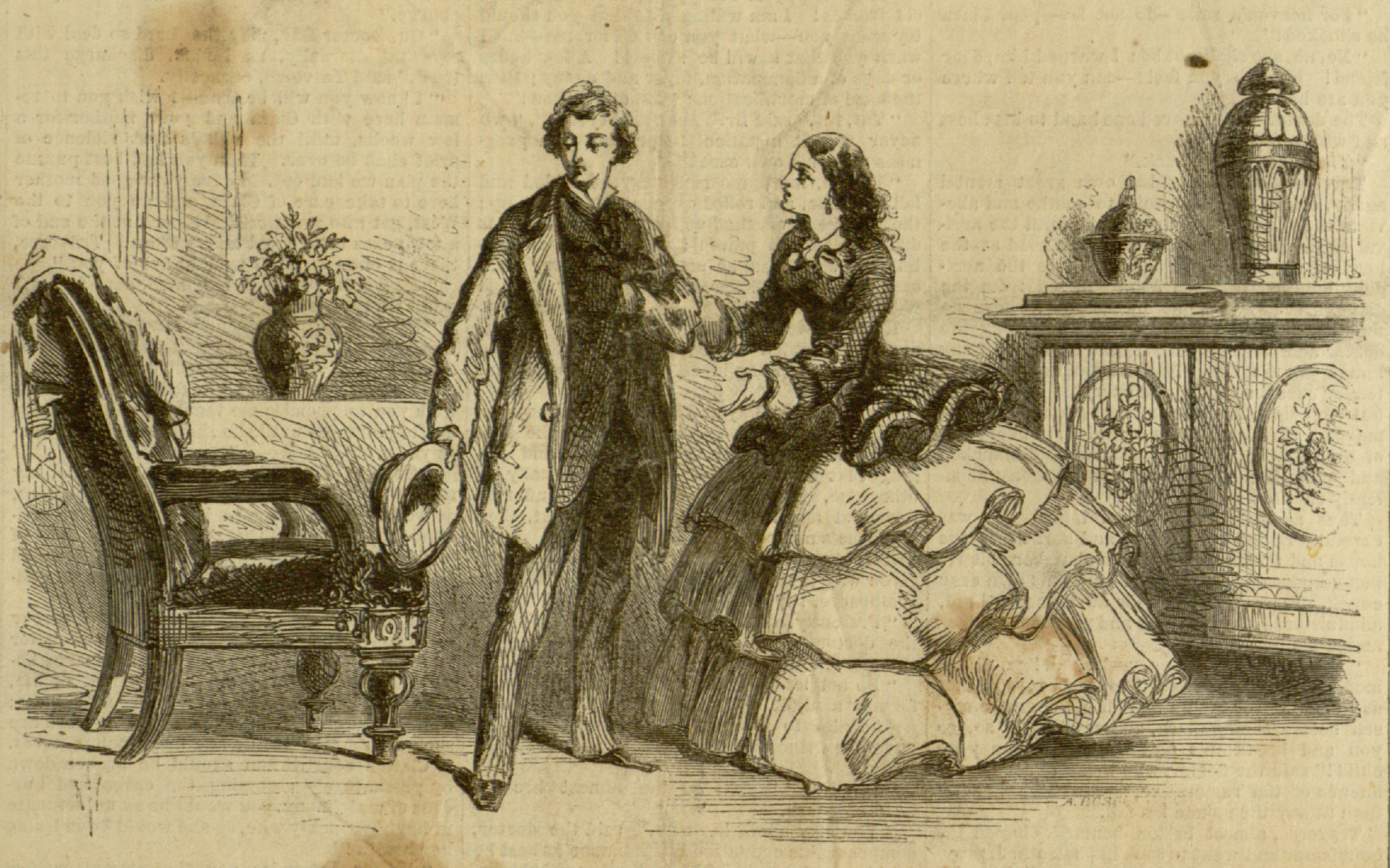
"Courage, my boys," he muttered. "Your chief will free you from prison or share your captivity! I wish I could trumpet that into your ears at this moment, but prudence, 'the better part of valor,' forbids! for the same words that would encourage you would warn your captors into greater vigilance." And so saying, Black Donald let the procession pass, and then made tracks for his retreat.

It was broad daylight when he reached the Old Inn. The robbers, worn out with waiting and watching for the captain and his men with the fair prize, had thrown themselves down upon the kitchen floor, and now lay in every sort of awkward attitude, stretched out or doubled up in heavy sleep. The old beldame had disappeared—doubtless she had long since sought her night lair.

Taking a poker from the corner of the fireplace, Black Donald went around among the sleeping robbers and stirred them up, with vigorous punches in the ribs and cries of—

"Wake up! dolts! brutes! blockheads! wake up! You rest on a volcano about to break out! You sleep over a mine about to be exploded! Wake up, sluggards that you are! Your town is taken! Your castle is stormed! The enemy is at your throats with drawn swords! Ah, brutes! will you wake then! or shall I have to lay it on harder?"

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1859, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



MISERY'S MESSENGER.

"What the demon?"

"How now?"

"What's this?" were some of the ejaculations of the men as they slowly and sulkily roused themselves from their heavy slumber.

"The house is on fire! the ship's sinking! the cars have run off the track! the boiler's burst! and the devil's to pay!" cried Black Donald, accompanying his words with vigorous punches of the poker into the ribs of the recumbent men.

"What the foul fiend ails you, Captain! Have you got the girl, and drunk too much liquor on your wedding night?" asked one of the men.

"No, Mac, I have not got the girl! On the contrary, the girl, blame her, has got three of my best men in custody! In one word, Hal, Dick and Steve are safely lodged in the county jail!"

"WHAT!"

"Perdition!"

"My eye!"

"Here's a go!" were the simultaneous exclamations of the men as they sprang upon their feet.

"In the fiend's name, Captain, tell us all about it!" said Mac, anxiously.

"I have no time to talk much, nor you to tarry long! It was all along of that blamed witch, Capitola!" said Black Donald, who then gave a rapid account of the adventure, and the manner in which Capitola entrapped and captered the burglars, together with the way in which he himself came by the information.

"I declare one can't help liking that girl! I should admire her even if she should put a rope about my neck!" said Mac.

"She's a *brick*," said another, with emphasis.

"She's some punkins, now, I tell you!" assented a third.

"I am more than ever resolved to get her into my possession! But in the meantime, lads, we must evacuate the old inn! it is getting too hot to hold us!"

"Aye, Captain?"

"Aye, lads! listen! we must talk fast, and act promptly! the poor fellows up there in jail are game, I know! They would not willingly peach! but they are badly wounded! if one of them should have to die, and be blessed with a psalm-singing parson to attend him—no knowing what he may be persuaded to confess! Therefore, let us quickly decide upon some new rendezvous that will be unsuspected, even by our poor caged birds! If any of you have any place in your eye, speak!"

"We would rather hear what you have to say, Captain," said Mac; and all the rest assented.

"Well, then, you all know the Devil's Punch Bowl!"

"Aye, do we, Captain!"

"Well, what you do *not* know! what nobody knows but myself is *this*—that about half way down that awful chasm, in the side of the rock, is a hole, concealed by a clump of evergreens; that hole is the entrance to a cavern of enormous extent!—let that be our next rendezvous! —And now, avaunt! fly! scatter! and meet me in the cavern to-night, at the usual hour! Listen—carry away all our arms, amunition, disguises and provisions—so that no vestige of our presence may be left behind! As for dummy, if they can make *her* speak, the cutting out of her tongue was lost labor!—Vanish!"

"But our pals in prison!" said Mac.

"They shall be *my* care. We must lie low for a few days, so as to put the authorities off their guard; then if our pals recover from their wounds, and have proved game against church and State, I shall know what measures to take for their deliverance! No more talk now! prepare for your flitting and fly!"

The captain's orders were obeyed, and within two hours from that time no vestige of the robbers' presence remained in the deserted old inn.

If any sheriff's officer had come there with a search-warrant, he would have found nothing suspicious; he would have seen only a poor old dumb woman, busy at her spinning-wheel; and if he had questioned her, would only have got smiles and shakes of the head for an answer, or the exhibitions of coarse country gloves and stockings of her own knitting, which she would, in dumb-show, beg him to purchase.

Days and weeks passed, and the three imprisoned burglars languished in jail, each in a separate cell.

Bitterly each in his heart complained of the leader that had, apparently, deserted them in their direst need. And if neither betrayed him, it was probably because they could not do so without deeply criminating themselves, and for no better motive.

There is said to be "honor among thieves." It is, on the face of it, untrue; there can be neither honor, confidence nor safety among men whose professon is crime. The burglars, therefore, had no confidence in their leader, and secretly and bitterly reproached him for his desertion of them.

Meanwhile the annual camp meeting season approached. It was rumored that a camp meeting would be held in the wooded vale below Tip Top, and soon this report was confirmed by announcements in all the county papers. And all who intended to take part in the religious festival or have a tent on the ground, began to prepare provisions—cooking meat and poultry, baking bread, cakes, pies, etc. And preachers from all parts of the country were flocking in to the village to be on the spot for the commencement.

Mrs. Condiment, though a member of another church, loved in her soul the religious excitement—"the warming up," as she called it, to be had at the camp-meeting! But never in the whole course of her life had she taken part in one, except so far as riding to the preaching in the morning and returning home in the evening.

But Capitola, who was as usual in the interval between her adventures, bored half to death with the monotony of her life at Hurricane Hall, —and praying not against but wishing for—fire, floods or thieves, or anything to stir her stagnant blood, heard of the camp-meeting, and expressed a wish to have a tent on the camp ground and remain there from the beginning to the end, to see all that was to be seen; hear all that was to be heard; feel all that was to be felt; and learn all that was to be known!

And as Capitola, ever since her victory over the burglars, had been the queen regnant of Hurricane Hall, she had only to express this wish to have it carried into immediate effect.

Old Hurricane himself went up to Tip Top and purchased the canvas and set two men to work under his own immediate direction to make the tent.

And as Major Warfield's campaigning experience was very valuable here, it turned out that the Hurricane Hall tent was the largest and best on the camp ground. As soon as it was set up under the shade of a grove of oak trees, a wagon from Hurricane Hall conveyed to the spot the simple and necessary furniture, cooking materials and provisions. And the same morning the family carriage, driven by Wool, brought out Major Warfield, Mrs. Condiment, Capitola and her little maid Patty.

The large tent was divided into two compartments—one for Major Warfield and his man Wool—the other for Mrs. Condiment, Capitola and Patty.

As the family party stepped out of the carriage, the novelty, freshness and beauty of the scene called forth a simultaneous burst of admiration. The little snow-white tents were dotted here and there through the woods, in beautiful contrast with the greenness of the foliage, groups of well dressed and cheerful-looking men, women and children were walking about; over all smiled a morning sky of cloudless splendor. The preachings and the prayer meetings had not yet commenced. Indeed, many of the brethren were hard at work in an extensive clearing, setting up a rude pulpit, and arranging rough benches to accommodate the women and children of the camp-congregation.

Our party went into their tent, delighted with the novelty of the whole thing, though Old Hurricane declared that it was nothing new to his experience, but reminded him strongly of his campaigning days.

Wool assented, saying that the only difference was, there were no ladies in the old military camp.

I have neither time nor space to give a full account of this camp-meeting. The services commenced the same evening. There were preachers of more or less fervor of piety and eloquence of utterance. Old Christians had their "first love" revived; young ones found their zeal kindled, and sinners were awakened to a sense of their sin and danger. Every Christian there said the season had been a good one!

In the hight of the religious enthusiasm, there appeared a new preacher in the field. He seemed a man considerably past middle age, and broken down with sickness or sorrow. His figure was tall, thin and stooping, his hair white as snow, his face pale and emaciated, his movements slow and feeble, and his voice low and unsteady! He wore a solemn suit of black, that made his thin form seem of skeleton proportions, a snow-white neck-cloth, and a pair of great round iron-rimmed spectacles, that added nothing to his good looks.

Yet this old, sickly and feeble man seemed one of fervent piety and of burning eloquence. Every one sought his society; and when it was known that Father Gray was to hold forth, the whole camp-congregation turned out to hear him.

It must not be supposed that in the midst of this great revival, those poor "sinners above all sinners," the burglars imprisoned in the neighboring town, were forgotten; no, they were remembered, prayed for, visited and exhorted. And no one took more interest in the fate of these men than good Mrs. Condiment, who, having seen them all on that great night at Hurricane Hall, and having with her own kind hands plastered their heads and given them possets, could not drive out of her heart a certain compassion for their miseries.

No one either admired Father Gray more than did the little old housekeeper of Hurricane Hall, and as her table and her accommodations were the best on the camp-ground, she often invited and pressed good Father Gray to rest and refresh himself in her tent. And the old man, though a severe ascetic, yielded to her repeated solicitations, until at length he seemed to live there altogether.

One day, Mrs. Condiment, being seriously exercised upon the subject of the imprisoned men, said to Father Gray, who was reposing himself in the tent—

"Father Gray! I wished to speak to you, sir, upon the subject of those poor wretched men who are to be tried for their lives at the next term of the criminal court. Our ministers have all been to see them, and talked to them, but not one of the number can make the least impression on them, or bring them to any sense of their awful condition!"

"Ah! that is dreadful," sighed the aged man.

"Yes, dreadful, Father Gray! Now I thought if *you* would only visit them, you could surely bring them to reason!"

"My dear friend, I would willingly do so! but I must confess to you a weakness, a great weakness of the flesh—I have a natural shrinking from men of blood! I know it is sinful; but indeed I cannot overcome it."

"But, my dear Father Gray, a man of *your* experience knows full well that if you cannot overcome that feeling, you should act in direct opposition to it! And, I assure you, there is no danger! Why, even *I* should not be at all afraid of a robber when he is double ironed and locked up in a cell, and I should enter guarded by a pair of turnkeys!"

"I know it, my dear lady, I know it, and I feel that I ought to overcome this weakness or do my duty in its despite."

"Yes, and if you would consent to go, Father Gray, I would not mind going with you myself, if *that* would encourage you any!"

"Of course it would, my dear friend; and if you will go with me, and if the brethren think that I could do any good, I will certainly endeavor to conquer my repugnance and visit these imprisoned men."

It was arranged that Father Gray, accompanied by Mrs. Condiment, should go to the jail upon the following morning; and accordingly they set out immediately after breakfast. A short ride up the mountain brought them to Tip Top, in the centre of which stood the jail. It was a simple structure of gray stone, containing within its own walls the apartments occupied by the warden. To these Mrs. Condiment, who was the leader in the whole matter, first presented herself, introducing Father Gray as one of the preachers of the camp-meeting, a very pious man, and very effective in his manner of dealing with hardened offenders.

"I have heard of the Reverend Mr. Gray, and his powerful exhortations," said the warden, with a low bow; "and I hope he may be able to make some impression on these obdurate men, and induce them, if possible, to 'make a clean breast of it,' and give up the retreat of their band. Each of them has been offered a free pardon on condition of turning State's evidence, and each has refused."

"Indeed; have they done so, case-hardened creatures?" mildly inquired Father Gray.

"Aye have they! but you, dear sir, may be able to persuade them to do so."

"I shall endeavor! I shall endeavor!" said the mild old man.

The warden then requested the visitors to follow him, and led the way up stairs to the cells.

"I understand that the criminals are confined separately?" said Mr. Gray to the warden.

"No, sir; they were so confined at *first*, for better security; but as they have been very quiet, and as since those rowdies that disturbed the camp-meeting have been sent to prison, and filled up our cells, we have had to put those three robbers into one cell."

"I'm afraid, I——" began the minister, hesitating.

"Father Gray is nervous, good Mr. Jailor; I hope there's no danger from those dreadful men —all of them together—for I promised Father Gray that he should be safe, myself," said Mrs. Condiment.

"Oh, ma'am, undoubtedly; they are double-ironed," said the warden, as he unlocked a door and admitted the visitors, into rather a darkish cell, in which were the three prisoners.

Steve the mulatto, was stretched upon the floor in a deep sleep.

Hal was sitting on the side of the cot, twiddling his fingers.

Dick sat crouched up in a corner, with his head against the wall.

"Peace be with you, my poor souls," said the mild old man, as he entered the cell.

"You go to the demon!" said Dick, with a hideous scowl.

"Nay, my poor man, I came in the hope of saving you from that enemy of souls!"

"Here's another! There's three comes reg'lar! here's the fourth! Go it, old fellow! Wer'e gettin' use to it! It's gettin' to be entertainin'! It's the only diversion we have in this blamed hole," said Hal.

"Nay, friend, if you use profane language, I cannot stay to hear it," said the old man.

"*Yaw-aw-aw*-ow!"—yawned Steve, half rising and stretching himself.—"What's the row? I was just dreaming our captain had come to deliver us—*yaw-aw-aw-ooh!* it's only another parson! and with that, Steve turned himself over and settled to sleep.

"My dear Mr. Jailor—do you think that these men are safe—for if you do, I think we had better leave excellent Mr. Gray to talk to them alone—he can do them so much more good, if he has them all to himself"—said Mrs. Condiment, who was, in spite of all her previous boasting, beginning to quail and tremble under the hideous glare of Demon Dick's eyes.

"N-no! n-no! n-no!" faltered the preacher, nervously taking hold of the coat of the warden.

"You go along out of this! the *whole* on you! I'm not a wild beast in a cage to be stared at!" growled Demon Dick, with a baleful glare that sent Mrs. Condiment and the preacher, shuddering to the cell door.

"Mr. Gray, I do assure you, sir, there is no danger! the men are double ironed, and malignant as they may be, they can do you no harm. And if you *would* stay and talk to them you might persuade them to confession and do the community much service," said the warden.

"I—I—I'm no coward! But—but—but—" faltered the old man, tremblingly approaching the prisoners.

"I understand you, sir. You are in bad health, which makes you nervous."

"Yes, yes, Heaven forgive me; but if you, Mr. Jailor, and this good lady here will keep within call, in case of accidents, I don't mind if I do remain and exhort these men, for a short time," said the old man.

"Of course we will. Come, Mrs. Condiment, mum! there's a good bench in the lobby, and I'll send for my old woman, and we three can have a good talk while the worthy Mr. Gray is speaking to the prisoners," said the warden, conducting the housekeeper from the cell,

As soon as they had gone, the old man went to the door and peeped after them, and having seen that they went to the extremity of the lobby to a seat under an open window, he turned back to the cell, and going up to Hal, said in a low voice—

"Now, then, is it possible that you do not know me!"

Hal stopped twiddling his fingers and looked up at the tall, thin, stooping figure, the gray hair, the white eyebrows and the pale face, and said gruffly—

"No! May the demon fly away with me if I ever saw you before!"

"Nor you, Dick?" inquired the old man, in a mild voice, turning to the one addressed.

"*No*, burn you! nor want to see you now!"

"Steve! Steve!" said the old man, in a pitiful voice, waking the sleeper—"Don't *you* know me either?"

"Don't bother me," said that worthy, giving himself another turn and another settle to sleep.

"Dolts! blockheads! brutes! do you know me now?" growled the visitor, changing his voice.

"Our Captain!"

"Our Captain!"

"Our Captain!" they simultaneously cried.

"*Hush*, sink your souls! Do you want to bring the warden upon us?" growled Black Donald, for it was unquestionably him in a new metamorphosis.

"Then all I have to say, Captain, is that you have left us here a blamed long time!"

"And exposed to sore temptation to peach on me! Couldn't help it, lads! couldn't help it! I waited until I could do something to the *purpose!*"

"Now, may Satan roast me alive if I know what you have done to turn yourself into an old man! Burn my soul! if I should know you now, Captain, if it wa'n't for your voice," grumbled Steve.

"Listen, then! you ungrateful, suspicious wretches! I did for you what no Captain ever did for his men before!—I had exhausted all manner of disguises, so that the authorities would almost have looked for me in an old woman's gown!—See, then, what I did! I put myself on a month's regimen of vegetable diet, and kept myself in a cavern, until I grew as pale and thin as a hermit! then I shaved off my hair, beard, moustaches and eyebrows! Yes, blame you, I sacrificed all my beauty to your interests! Fate helps those who help themselves! The camp-meeting gathering together hosts of people and preachers, gave me the opportunity of appearing without exciting inquiry. I put on a gray wig, a black suit, assumed a feeble voice, stooping gait and a devout manner, and—became a popular preacher at the camp-meeting."

"Captain, you're a brick! you are, indeed! I do not flatter you!" said Hal. It was a sentiment in which all agreed.

"I had no need of further machination!" continued the captain; "they actually gave me the game! I was urged to visit you here—forced to remain alone and talk with you!" laughed Black Donald.

"And now, Captain, my jewel! my treasure! my sweetheart! that I love with 'a love passing the love of woman'—how is your reverence going to get us out?"

"Listen!" said the captain, diving into his pockets—"you must get yourselves out! this prison is by no means strongly fastened, or well guarded! Here are files to file off your fetters! here are tools to pick the locks, and here are three loaded revolvers to use against any of the turnkeys who might discover and attempt to stop you! To-night, however, is the last of the camp-meeting, and the two turnkeys are among *my* hearers! I shall keep them all night! Now you know what to do!—I must leave you! Dick! try to make an assault on me that I may scream—but first conceal your tools and arms!

Hal hid the instruments and Dick, with an awful roar, sprang at the visitor, who ran to the grating crying—

"Help! help!"

The warden came hurrying to the spot.

"Take 'im out o' this, then!" muttered Dick sulkily getting back into his corner.

"Oh! what a wretch!" said Mrs. Condiment.

"I shall be glad when he's once hanged" said the jailer.

"I—I—fear that I can do them but little good, and—and I would rather not come again, being sickly and nervous," faltered Father Gray.

"No, my dear good sir! *I* for one shall not ask you to risk your precious health for such a set of wretches! They are Satan's own! You shall come home to our tent and lie down to rest, and I will make you an egg-caudle that will set you up again," said Mrs. Condiment, tenderly, as the whole party left the cell.

That day the outrageous conduct of the imprisoned burglars was the subject of conversation, even dividing the interest of the religious excitement.

But the next morning the whole community was thrown into a state of consternation by the discovery that the burglars had broken jail and fled, and that the notorious outlaw Black Donald had been in their very midst, disguised as an elderly field preacher.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE VICTORY OVER DEATH.

> "Glory to God! to God!" he saith,
> "Knowledge by suffering entereth,
> And life is perfected in death."
>
> E. B. BROWNING.

One morning, in the gladness of his heart, Doctor Day mounted his horse and rode down to Staunton, gaily refusing to impart the object of his ride to any one, and bidding Traverse stay with the women until he should return.

As soon as the doctor was gone, Traverse went into the library to arrange his patron's books and papers.

Mrs. Rocke and Clara hurried away to attend to some little mystery of their own invention for the surprise and delight of the doctor and Traverse. For the more secret accomplishment of their purpose, they had dismissed all attendance, and were at work alone in Mrs. Rocke's room. And here Clara's sweet, frank and humble disposition was again manifest, for when Marah would arise from her seat to get anything, Clara would forestall her purpose, and say—

"Tell me—tell *me* to get what you want, just as if I were your child, and you will make me feel so well—*do*, now!"

"You are very good, dear Miss Clara, but—I would rather not presume to ask you to wait on me," said Marah, gravely.

"*Presume!* what a word from you to me; please don't use it ever again, nor call me *Miss* Clara. Call me 'Clara' or 'child,' *do, mamma*," said the doctor's daughter; then suddenly pausing, she blushed and was silent.

Marah gently took her hand, and drew her into a warm embrace.

It was while the friends were conversing so kindly in Marah's room, and while Traverse was still engaged in arranging the doctor's books and papers, that one of the men-servants rapped at the library door, and without waiting permission to come in, entered the room with every mark of terror in his look and manner.

"What is the matter?" inquired Traverse, anxiously rising.

"Oh, Mr. Traverse, sir! the doctor's horse has just rushed home to the stables all in a foam, without his rider!"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Traverse, starting up and seizing his hat; "follow me immediately; hurry to the stables and saddle my horse, and bring him up instantly! we must follow on the road the doctor took, to see what has happened! Stay! on your life, breathe not a word of what has occurred! I would not have Miss Day alarmed for the world!" he concluded, hastening down stairs attended by the servant.

In five minutes from the time he left the library, Traverse was in the saddle, galloping towards Staunton, and looking attentively along the road as he went. Alas! he had not gone far, when, in descending the wooded hill, he saw lying doubled up helplessly on the right side of the path, the body of the good doctor!

With an exclamation between a groan and a cry of anguish, Traverse threw himself from his saddle and kneeled beside the fallen figure, gazing in an agony of anxiety upon the closed eyes, pale features and contracted form, and crying—

"Oh, heaven have mercy! Doctor Day! oh, Doctor Day!—can you speak to me?"

The white and quivering eyelids opened and the faltering tongue spoke—

"Traverse—get me home—that I may see—Clara before I die!"

"Oh, must this be so! must this be so! Oh, that I could die for you my friend! my dear, dear friend!" cried Traverse, wringing his hands in such anguish as he had never known before.

Then feeling the need of self-control and the absolute necessity of removing the sufferer, Traverse repressed the swelling flood of sorrow in his bosom and cast about for the means of conveying the doctor to his house. He dreaded to leave him for an instant, and yet it was necessary to do so, as the servant whom he had ordered to follow him had not yet come up.

While he was bathing the doctor's face with water from a little stream beside the path, John, the groom, came riding along, and seeing his fallen master, with an exclamation of horror, sprang from his saddle and ran to the spot.

"John!"—said Traverse—in a heart broken tone—"mount again and ride for your life to the house! have—*a cart*—yes! that will be the easiest conveyance! have a cart got ready instantly with a feather bed placed in it, and the gentlest horse harnessed to it, and drive it here to the roadside at the head of this path! Hasten for your life! say not a word of what has happened lest it should terrify the ladies! Quick! quick! on your life!"

Again, as the man was hurrying away the doctor spoke, faintly murmuring—

"For heaven's sake—do not let—poor Clara be shocked!"

"No, no, she shall not be; I warned him, dear friend! How do you feel?—can you tell where you are hurt?"

The doctor feebly moved one hand to his chest and whispered—

"*There*, and in my back."

Traverse, controlling his own great mental agony, did all that he could to soothe and alleviate the sufferings of the doctor, until the arrival of the cart, that stopped on the road at the head of the little bridle path, where the accident happened. Then John jumped from the driver's seat and came to the spot, where he tenderly assisted the young man in raising the doctor and conveying him to the cart and laying him upon the bed. Notwithstanding all their tender care in lifting and carrying him, it was but too evident that he suffered greatly in being moved. Slowly as they proceeded, at every jolt of the cart, his corrugated brows and blanched and quivering lips told how much agony he silently endured.

Thus at last they reached home. He was carefully raised by the bed and borne into the house and up stairs to his own chamber, where, being undressed he was laid upon his own easy couch. Traverse sent off for other medical aid, administered a restorative and proceeded to examine his injuries.

"It is useless, dear boy, useless all! you have medical knowledge enough to be as sure of that as I am. Cover me up and let me compose myself before seeing Clara, and while I do so, go you and break this news gently to the poor child!" said the doctor, who being under the influence of the restorative, spoke more steadily than at any time since his fall.

Traverse, almost broken-hearted, obeyed his benefactor and went to seek his betrothed, praying the Lord to teach him how to tell her this dreadful calamity and to support her under its crushing weight.

As he went slowly, wringing his hands, he suddenly met Clara with her dress in disorder and her hair flying, just as she had run from her room while dressing for dinner;—hurrying towards him, she exclaimed—

"Traverse! *what* has happened? for the good Lord's sake tell me quickly! the house is all in confusion! every one is pale with affright! no one will answer me! your mother just now ran past me out of the store room, with her face as white as death! Oh! *what* does it all mean?"

"Clara! love! come and sit down, you are almost fainting—(oh, heaven, support her!)" murmured Traverse, as he led the poor girl to the hall sofa.

"Tell me! Tell me!" she said.

"Clara—your father——"

"My father! Oh no, no, do not say any harm has happened to my father! do not, Traverse! do not!"

"Oh, Clara! try to be firm, dear one!"

"My father! Oh, my father! he is DEAD!" shrieked Clara, starting up wildly to run, she knew not whither.

Traverse sprang up and caught her arm, and drawing her gently back to her seat, said—

"No, dear Clara! no, not so bad as that! he is living!"

"Oh, thank heaven for so much! what is it, then, Traverse? He is ill!—oh! let me go to him!"

"Stay, dear Clara! compose yourself first! You would not go and disturb him with this frightened and distressed face of yours—let me get you a glass of water," said Traverse, starting up and bringing the needed sedative from an adjoining room.

"There, Clara, drink that and offer a silent prayer to Heaven to give you self-control."

"I will! oh, I must for his sake! but tell me, Traverse, is it—is it as I fear—as *he* expected—apoplexy?"

"No, dear love, no; he rode out this morning and his horse got frightened by the van of a circus company that was going into the town, and——"

"——And ran away with him and threw him! Oh, Heaven! Oh, my dear father!" exclaimed Clara, once more clasping her hands wildly, and starting up.

Again Traverse promptly but gently detained her, saying—

"You promised me to be calm, dear Clara, and you must be so, before I can suffer you to see your father."

Clara sank into her seat and covered her face with her hands, murmuring, in a broken voice—

"How can I be? Oh, how can I be, when my heart is wild with grief and fright? *Traverse!* was he—was he—oh! I dread to ask you! Oh! was he much hurt?"

"Clara, love, his injuries are internal! Neither he nor I yet know their full extent. I have sent off for two old and experienced practitioners from Staunton. I expect them every moment. In the meantime, I have done all that is possible for his relief."

"Traverse," said Clara, very calmly, controlling herself by an almost superhuman effort; "Traverse, I will be composed; you shall see that I will; take me to my dear father's bedside; it is there that I ought to be!"

"That is my dear, brave, dutiful girl! Come, Clara!" replied the young man, taking her hand, and leading her up to the bed-chamber of the doctor. They met Mrs. Rocke at the door, who tearfully signed them to go in as she left it.

When they entered and approached the bedside, Traverse saw that the suffering but heroic father must have made some superlative effort before he could have reduced his haggard face and writhing form to its present state of placid repose, to meet his daughter's eyes and spare her feelings.

She, on her part, was no less firm. Kneeling beside his couch, she took his hand and met his eye composedly as she asked—

"Dear father, how do you feel now?"

"Not just so easy, love, as if I had laid me down here for an afternoon's nap, yet in no more pain than I can very well bear."

"Dear father, what can I do for you?"

"You may bathe my forehead and lips with cologne, my dear," said the doctor, not so much for the sake of the reviving perfume, as because he knew it would comfort Clara to feel that she was doing something, however slight, for him.

Traverse stood upon the opposite side of the bed fanning him.

In a few moments Mrs. Rocke re-entered the room, announcing that the two old physicians from Staunton, Doctor Dawson and Doctor Williams, had arrived.

"Show them up, Mrs. Rocke; Clara, love, retire while the physicians remain with me," said Doctor Day.

Mrs. Rocke left the room to do his bidding. And Clara followed and sought the privacy of her own apartment, to give way to the overwhelming grief which she could no longer resist.

As soon as she was gone the doctor also yielded to the force of the suffering that he had been able to endure silently in her presence, and writhed and groaned with agony, that wrung the heart of Traverse to behold.

Presently the two physicians entered the room, and approached the bed, with expressions of sincere grief at beholding their old friend in such a condition, and a hope that they might speedily be able to relieve him.

To all of which the doctor, repressing all exhibitions of pain, and holding out his hand in a cheerful manner, replied—

"I am happy to see you in a friendly way, old friends! I am willing also that you should try what you—what you can do for me—but I warn you that it will be useless! A few hours or days of inflammation, fever and agony; then the case of mortification; then dissolution!"

"Tut, tut," said Dr. Williams, cheerfully, "we never permit a patient to pronounce a prognosis upon his own case!"

"Friend, my horse ran away, stumbled and fell upon me, and rolled over me in getting up; the viscera is crushed within me; breathing is difficult; speech painful; motion agonizing;—but you may examine and satisfy yourselves," said Dr. Day, still speaking cheerfully, though with great suffering.

His old friends proceeded gently to the examination, which resulted in their silently and perfectly coinciding in opinion with the patient himself.

Then, with Dr. Day and Traverse, they entered into a consultation, and agreed upon the best palliatives that could be administered; and begging that if in any manner, professionally or otherwise, they could serve their suffering friend, at any hour of the day or night, they might be summoned, they took leave.

As soon as they had gone, Clara, who had given way to a flood of tears, and regained her composure, rapped for admittance.

"Presently, dear daughter, presently," said the doctor, who then beckoning Traverse to stoop low, said—

"Do not let Clara sit up with me to-night; I foresee a night of great anguish, which I may not be able to repress, and which I would not have her witness! Promise you will keep her away."

"I promise," faltered the almost broken-hearted youth.

"You may admit her now," said the doctor, composing his convulsed countenance as best he could, lest the sight of his sufferings should distress his daughter.

Clara entered, and resumed her post at the side of the bed.

Traverse left the room to prepare the palliatives for his patient.

The afternoon waned. As evening approached, the fever, inflammation and pain arose to such a degree, that the doctor could no longer forbear betraying his excessive suffering, which was, besides, momentarily increasing; so he said to Clara—

"My child, you must now leave me and retire to bed. I must be watched by Traverse alone to-night."

And Traverse seeing her painful hesitation, between her extreme reluctance to leave him, and her wish to obey him, approached and murmured—

"Dear Clara, it would distress him to have you stay; he will be much better attended by me alone."

Clara still hesitated; and Traverse, beckoning his mother to come and speak to her, left her side.

Mrs. Rocke approached her and said—

"It must be so, dear girl, for you know that there are some cases in which sick men should be watched by men only, and this is one of them. I myself shall sit up to-night in the next room, within call."

"And may I not sit there beside you?" pleaded Clara.

"No, my dear love; as you can do your father no good, he desires that you should go to bed and rest. Do not distress him by refusing."

"Oh, and am *I* to go to bed and sleep while my dear father lies here suffering?—I cannot! Oh, I cannot!"

"My dear, yes, you must; and if you cannot sleep, you can lie awake and pray for him."

Here the doctor, whose agony was growing unendurable, called out—

"Go, Clara! go at once, my dear."

She went back to the bedside and pressed her lips to his forehead, and put her arms around him and prayed—

"Oh, my dear father, may the blessed Saviour take you in his pitying embrace and give you ease to-night. Your poor Clara will pray for you as she never prayed for herself!"

"May the Lord bless you, my sweet child," said the doctor, lifting one hand painfully and laying it in benediction on her fair and graceful head.

Then she arose and left the room, saying to Mrs. Rocke as she went—

"Oh, Mrs. Rocke, only last evening we were so happy!—'But if we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil?'"

"Yes, my child; but remember nothing is really evil that comes from His good hand," said Mrs. Rocke, as she attended Clara to the door.

His daughter had no sooner gone out of hearing than the doctor gave way to his irrepressible groans.

At a sign from Traverse Mrs. Rocke went and took up her position in the adjoining room.

Then Traverse subdued the light in the sick chamber, arranged the pillows of the couch, administered a sedative, and took up his post beside the bed, where he continued to watch and nurse the patient with unwearied devotion.

At the dawn of day, when Clara rapped at the door, he was in no condition to be seen by his daughter.

Clara was put off with some plausible excuse.

After breakfast his friends the physicians called and spent several hours in his room. Clara was told that she must not come in while they were there. And so, by one means and another, the poor girl was spared from witnessing those dreadful agonies which, had she seen them, must have so bitterly increased her distress.

In the afternoon, during a temporary mitigation of pain, Clara was admitted to see her father. But in the evening as his sufferings augmented, she was again, upon the same excuse that had been used the preceding evening, dismissed to her chamber.

Then passed another night of suffering, during which Traverse never left him for an instant.

Towards morning the fever and pain abated, and he fell into a sweet sleep. About sunrise he awoke quite free from suffering. Alas! it was the ease that he had predicted—the ease preceding dissolution.

"It is gone forever now, Traverse, my boy, thank God my last hours will be sufficiently free from pain to enable me to set my house in order. Before calling Clara in, I would talk to you alone. You will remain here until all is over?"

"Oh, yes, sir! yes! I would do anything on earth—anything for you! I would lay down my life this hour, if I could do so to save you from this bed of death!"

"Nay, do not talk so; your young life belongs to others—to Clara and your mother! 'God doeth all things well.' Better the ripened ear should fall, than the budding germ. I do not feel it hard to die, dear Traverse. Though the journey has been very pleasant, the goal is not unwelcome. Earth has been very sweet to me, but Heaven is sweeter."

"Oh! but we love you so! we love you so! you have so much to live for!" exclaimed Traverse, with an irrepressible burst of grief.

"Poor boy, life is too hopeful before you to make *you* a comforter by a deathbed. Yes, Traverse, I have much to live for, but more to die for. Yet not voluntarily would I have left you, though I know that I leave you in the hands of the Lord, and with every blessing and promise of his bountiful providence. Your love will console my child. My confidence in you makes me easy in committing her to your charge."

"Oh, Doctor Day, may the Lord so deal with my soul eternally, as I shall discharge this trust," said Traverse, earnestly.

"I know you will be true—I wish you to remain here with Clara and your mother for a few weeks, until the child's first violence of grief shall be over. Then you had best pursue the plan we laid out. Leave your good mother here to take care of Clara, and go you to the West, get into practice there, and at the end of a few years return and marry Clara. Traverse, there is one promise I would have of you."

"I give it before it is named, dear friend," said Traverse, fervently.

"My child is but seventeen; she is so gentle that her will is subject to that of all she loves, especially to yours. She will do anything in conscience that you ask her to do. Traverse, I wish you to promise me that you will not press her to marriage until she shall be at least twenty years old. And——"

"Oh, sir, I promise! Oh, believe me, my affection for Clara is so pure and so constant, as well as so confiding in her faith and so solicitous for her good, that, with the assurance of her love, and the privilege of visiting her and writing to her, I could wait many years if needful!"

"I believe you, my dear boy! And the very promise I have asked of you is as much for your sake as for hers. No girl can marry before she is twenty without serious risk of life, and almost certain loss of health and beauty; that so many do so is one reason why there are such numbers of sickly and faded young wives. If Clara's constitution should be broken down by prematurely assuming the cares and burdens of matrimony, *you* would be as unfortunate in having a sickly wife, as she would be in losing her health!"

"Oh, sir, I promise you, that no matter how much I may wish to do so, I will not be tempted to make a wife of Clara, until she has attained the age you have prescribed! But at the same time, I must assure you that such is my love for her, that if accident should now make her an invalid for life she would be as dear—as dear—yes, *much dearer* to me if *possible* on that very account! and if I could not marry her for a wife, I should marry her only for the dear privilege of waiting on her night and day!—Oh, believe this of me and leave your dear daughter with an easy mind to my faithful care!" said Traverse, with a boyish blush suffusing his cheeks and tears filling his eyes.

"I do, Traverse! I do!—and now to other things."

"Are you not talking too much, dear friend?"

"No, no, I must talk while I have time. I was about to say that long ago, my will was made. Clara, you know, is the heiress of all I possess. You, as soon as you become her husband, will receive her fortune with her. I have made no reservation in her favor against you; for he to whom I can entrust the higher charge of my daughter's person, happiness and honor, I can also intrust her fortune."

"Dear sir, I am glad, for Clara's sake, that she has a fortune; as for me, I hope you will believe that I would have gladly dispensed with it and worked for dear Clara all the days of my life."

"I do believe it! But this will was made, Traverse, three years ago, before any of us anticipated the present relations between you and my daughter, and while you were both still children. Therefore I appointed my wife's half brother, Clara's only male relative, Colonel Le Noir, as her guardian. It is true, we have never been very intimate; for our paths in life widely diverged; nor has my Clara seen him within her recollection; for since her mother's death, which took place in her infancy, he has never been at our house. But he is a man of high reputation and excellent character. I have already requested Doctor Williams to write for him, so that I expect he will be here in a very few days. When he comes, Traverse, you will tell him that it is my desire that my daughter shall continue to reside in her present home, retaining Mrs. Rocke as her matronly companion. I have also requested Doctor Williams to tell him the same thing, so that in the mouths of two witnesses my words may be established."

Now, Traverse had never in his life before heard the name of Colonel Le Noir; and therefore was in no position to warn the dying father who placed so much confidence in the high reputation of his brother-in-law, that his trust was miserably *mis*placed—that he was leaving his fair daughter and her large fortune to the tender mercies of an unscrupulous villain and a consummate hypocrite. So he merely promised to deliver the message with which he was charged by the dying father, for his daughter's guardian, and added that he had no doubt but Clara's uncle would consider that message a sacred command and obey it to the letter.

As the sun was now well up, the doctor consented that Mrs. Rocke and his daughter should be admitted.

Marah brought with her some wine-whey, that her patient drank, and from which he received temporary strength.

Clara was pale but calm; one could see at a glance that the poor girl was prepared for the worst, and had nerved her gentle heart to bear it with patience.

"Come hither, my little Clara," said the doctor, as soon as he had been revived by his whey.

Clara came and kissed his brow, and sat beside him with her hands clasped in his.

"My little girl, what did our Saviour die for? First to redeem us, and also to teach us by his burial and resurrection that death is but a falling asleep in this world and an awakening in the next. Clara, after this, when you think of your father, do not think of him as lying in the grave; for he will not be there in his vacated body, no more than he will be in the trunk with his cast-off clothes. As the coat is the body's covering, so the body is the soul's garment, and it is the *soul* that is the innermost and real man; it is my soul that is *me*; and that will not be in the earth, but in heaven! therefore do not think of me gloomily as lying in the grave, but cheerfully as living in heaven—as living there with God and Christ and his saints, and with your mother, Clara, the dear wife of my youth, who has been waiting for me these many years! Think of me as being happy in that blessed society. Do not fancy that it is your duty to grieve, but on the contrary know that it is your duty to be as cheerful and happy as possible. Do you heed me, my daughter?"

"Oh, yes! yes, dear father!" said Clara, heroically repressing her grief.

"Seek for yourself, dear child, a nearer union with Christ and God. Seek it, Clara, until the spirit of God shall bear witness with your spirit that you are as a child of God! so shall you, as you come to lie where *I* do now, be able to say of your life and death, as *I* say with truth of mine—The journey has been pleasant, but the goal is blessed!——"

The doctor pressed his daughter's hand, and dropped suddenly into an easy sleep.

Mrs. Rocke drew Clara away, and the room was very still.

Sweet, beautiful and lovely as is the death-bed of a Christian, we will not linger too long beside it.

All day the good man's bodily life ebbed gently away. He spoke at intervals, as he had strength given him, words of affection, comfort and counsel to those around him.

Just as the setting sun was pouring his last rays into the chamber, Doctor Day laid his hand upon his child's head and blessed her. Then, closing his eyes, he murmured softly—"'Lord Jesus, into thy hands I resign my spirit;'" and with that sweet, deep, intense smile that had been so lovely in life, now so much lovelier in death, his pure spirit winged its flight to the the realms of eternal bliss!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

There are many very laughable and absurd things, as well as many very touching things, about the power of association.

There are certain animals at which I can never look without instantly recalling certain persons to my mind.

There are *scents* that are equally powerful in bringing before my vision the absent or the dead.

There is on one of our public streets an old discolored post, not distinguished for its hight, nor for its diameter, for it is but little taller than a man, and no larger round than a stove-pipe, but that old post has clinging to it an association which renders it more beautiful than ivy ever made old tree, yea, more attractive to my sight, and more quickening to my imagination, than would be the polished and massive columns of the Parthenon of Greece.

Plums are synonymous with my three brothers; for didn't I come near killing myself trying to eat for myself and them, too, once, when I had the chance, and they could not have it. Poor fellows! my efforts did them no good, and did their sister much harm. Dried currants, until the end of time (*my* time), will talk to me of some little girls of Philadelphia, and also of their mother, and their elder sister, who always used to insist that Mary Rosanna could not feel the prick of a pin, thrust through dress, skin and all, because *she*, the pinner, could not feel it.

How barbarous I used to think that big sister; but I never dared say so, for I had a tremendous dread of great girls—a weakness which still possesses me.

They had a large bag of dried currents up stairs in a closet of one of the front chambers, and there was no chamber in the house that we loved to play in so well as that. I am afraid that mamma did not *always* give us the liberty of that current bag when we took it.

Then there are pickled walnuts, which might be daguerreotypes of another family, of the same city. Oh! those walnuts!—never were there any others half so good. And the history of that family is bound up forever, for me, with walnuts pickled.

A horsewhip is uncle Joshua, wherever I may see it—for the first time I remember to have seen that individual, eminent in my history and affections, as he shall be ever more, he stood smiling before me with one of those useful instruments in his hand—not with any intention of using it upon *me*; but he had just come from far away to convey my mother and my little self to dear grandma's home.

There is a human likeness in every finger of my two hands—and the short, plump, soft hand of a certain gentleman of very great importance to me, is the very image of a good natured, dumpy old maid that I have the happiness to know.

Cream hath upon its rich surface my grandmother's beloved face. She always used to save me out a little pan of milk whose cream was for my own skimming and eating, too.

Cornelian stones show me my mother better than painted picture could do. Red cherries are to me historians of New England; black currents of Peru; and *black gloves* are insolent and pertinacious reminders of an affair horridly absurd. Let no one who desires from me a favor ever approach me in black gloves. Ugh! I *abhor* them; and I abhor the hour and the scene of which they ever speak. C. S.

◆

THE BUDS.

Spring is here, though young and tender, and still staggering with gusts of parting March. The autumnal fruit-trees are spreading forth their spring blossoms—most beautiful. "They toil not, neither do they spin;" yet, verily, all the World's Exhibitions have not shown handiwork like to these. True was that two thousand years ago, as true still. Frail are these flowers and tender; yet is there a power which sends the gentle germs through the rugged winds with certitude unerring. States fall, governments hang suspended in uncertain fate, troubles come and prosperity, revolutions and restorations; but each year the almond blossoms smile upon the world. Institutions decay, "property" wastes; but the blossoms fail not, neither does their source grow lifeless. We repeat this truth from time immemorial; may we never forget it! The rainbow was a hope, as these are—and for-ever. Let us strive, with loving and trusting heart, to learn the laws by which, while evil and imperfection alone pass away, goodness and beauty are ever renewed; for wherever we see those laws working, there is goodness. When we have learned to wish to obey, we shall forget to quarrel about creeds and aggressions; we shall cease to set class against class; we shall unlearn to covet only wealth, to build prisons for poverty, and to make either abodes or laws that, denying nature, erect foulness into institutions. Yes, blessed be God! *our* plans pass away and cannot stand; but the model is forever renewed to us; so long as the blossom hangs upon the bough. And yearly we cry out with joy at the sight; for the sound instinct, the immortal faith cannot die within us.

◆

CHOICE OF WORDS.

When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew the fine words, as you would rouge: love simple ones, as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate; employ such words as have the largest families, keeping clear of foundlings and of those of which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar.

TO THE MARCH FLOWERS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Keep your muddy covers close, flowers,
  Nor dare to open your eyes,
For all this month your lover, the Sun
  Will only tell you lies!

He will only tell you lies, flowers,
  Pretty, and undesigned,
For through this rough and cloudy month
  He never knows his mind.

The daffodil may look at him
  With her bright and angry eyes,
But pinks that come with their hearts in their mouths
  Must wait for warmer skies.

O daisies, stay in your grassy house,
  Ye poor deluded things,
And keep your little white fingers shut
  Away from his golden rings.

Ye meadow lilies, leopard-like,
  Under the mold, so deep,
Crouch close, and keep your spotted cubs
  For a month yet, fast asleep.

Trust not, ye modest violets,
  His promises to you,
Nor dare upon his fickle smile
  To broaden your kerchiefs blue.

Ye little twinkling marigolds,
  'Tis wise sometimes to doubt,
And though the wind should shake his moans
  To music, look not out.

'Tis a rough and churlish month, flowers,
  So heed ye my advice
Else you will wake, to go to sleep
  With cheeks as cold as ice.

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THE OLD FRIAR'S STORY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

We had been over across the island to Ciudadela, and on our return, by the way of Villa Nueva, we stopped at the old monastery, or Capuchin convent, between the latter place and Port Mahon. Having given our beasts in charge to some of the fellows who were lounging about the gate, we were admitted by the porter to the large court. My principal object in visiting the place was to see the large burial-ground connected with the convent, and when our conductor had shown us about the court, and the chapel, and some other places of interest, he led us to the place of burial, and there turned us over to the care of an old Capuchin friar, whom he called Father Jerome, and who had charge of the sanctified ground.

This place of burial occupied an area of several acres in extent, and was inclosed by a high wall of hewn stone, over which the cactus climbed in wild, luxuriant growth, the huge, thick leaves hanging like thorny pads upon the masonry. The inner face of this wall was indented with shallow, arched niches, within which were gates opening to the tombs beyond and beneath. The grounds were laid out into squares, and ovals, and circles, and triangles, and figures of every possible shape; the whole presenting the appearance of a magnificent garden. Every species of flower, upon tree, and shrub, and vine, which could flourish beneath that genial clime, were nurtured there; so that the monuments, and slabs, and tombs lifted their heads amid fragrance and loveliness. Even the simple grave, over which poverty had been unable to erect any monumental tablet, was made a bed of flowers, moistened by the dews of Heaven, and by the tears of affection, and cared for by those who loved to offer such sweet tribute to the memory of the departed. It was a lovely place, and one almost forgot the darkness of the tomb while wandering amid the blooming verdure. It seemed in reality that those who slept beneath the smiling sod had lain down to peaceful slumber, and that their waking should be glorious.

As we passed a large oleander at the lower end of the inclosure, the old friar stopped and pointed to an iron door which opened to one of the tombs within the wall, and informed us that there was a curious story connected therewith. I asked him if he would relate it. Of course he would do so with pleasure, but not there. We must wait until we got back to his lodge. So we walked on around the cemetery, and when we reached the vine-clad arbor which served the friar for a lodge, he informed me that the walk had made him very thirsty. This gentle hint I took at once, and calling one of the monks who stood near, I gave him a piece of silver, and bade him go and get a bottle of wine. Father Jerome took the wine as readily as I had taken the hint, and, when he had quenched his thirst, he said if we would listen he would tell us the story he had promised. I told him we were ready, and he commenced as follows:

"The tomb which I pointed out to you originally belonged to my grandfather, and it has been retained by the family ever since. All our departed ones sleep there, and as I have both brothers and sisters who have families, it is likely to be used by our house for several generations to come. My oldest sister married a wine merchant of the name of Linola, and their oldest son was called Matteo. At the age of twenty-one Matteo came home from Valencia, where he had been attending at the university, and went into business with his father. He was a fine young man, possessing excellent qualities of mind and heart, and the business prospered under his care.

"At the expiration of two years from the time of Matteo's return, he became acquainted with Irene Altea, the daughter of the old general, and they were not long in loving each other. Neither of the parents made any objection to the match, for the father of the maiden had rank and station, and the father of the youth had wealth; so it was looked upon as a very reasonable and judicious arrangement. But the lovers needed no such considerations to influence them. Their love was pure and fervent, and their hearts wholly surrendered and pledged. Irene was a beautiful girl; as gentle as the zephyrs which whisper amid my flowers in the summer evening, and as pure of soul as is the rich perfume which nature sends forth from her blooming bosom. The time was fixed for their marriage, and they were very happy in anticipation of the event. They were to be united in September, and about a month previous to the appointed time it became necessary that Matteo should go to Valencia on business. The evening previous to his departure he spent with Irene. He tried to be happy, but his spirits were weighed down by a power which he could not overcome. There seemed to be a presentiment of evil lurking within, and he could not rid himself of it.

"'I would not go to Valencia,' he said, 'if I could possibly avoid it; but my father is not able to go, and there is business which must be attended to, and which no disinterested agent can perform.'

"Irene felt the influence of her lover's manner, but she strove not to show it. She tried to be happy and hopeful, and endeavored to lead him to brighter and more joyous thoughts. He professed to be happy, and assured his companion that it was only the thought of leaving her, even for so short a time, that affected him so. But before they separated he exposed the deeper emotion that moved him. He owned a very valuable diamond ring, which had been given to him by a young nobleman whose life he had once saved in Valencia. It was a gem of the first water, and worth almost a fortune. He drew Irene upon his bosom, and told her that he might never see her again.

"'There is no knowing,' he said, 'what may happen. I may come back safe and sound; but, if I do not, I wish that you should possess this ring.' And he asked her to promise him that she would take it and wear it if he should never return to her alive.

"It was a long time before Irene would listen to any such proposition. She strove by every means within her power to divert Matteo's thoughts from the dark subject; but she could not do it. The incubus had become fixed upon him, and it would not away at her bidding. Finally she promised that she would do as he requested. If he died she would take the ring, and wear it in memory of him.—She gave a solemn pledge to this effect, and from that moment Matteo seemed much relieved, and became more like himself. He conversed freely upon other topics, and became really cheerful. At length the hour of parting came, and they separated, with prayers and blessings.

"Matteo went to Valencia, and succeeded in bringing his business to a successful termination; but on the day before he was to start for home he was taken down by a disease which had assumed the form of an epidemic along the banks of the Guadalavia, and which had proved fatal in nearly every case. A steamer was to sail on the following day for Mahon, and he begged that he might be allowed to take passage in her; but the officers would not permit it. No amount of money could induce them to suffer that malady on board their vessel. But the young merchant was not to be thwarted thus. He felt assured that he had but a short time to live, and he wished to reach home alive if possible. He bribed his physician, and, through his means, found a man who owned a good felucca, and who agreed to carry him to Mahon for a very round consideration in the shape of Spanish dollars. That evening Matteo was conveyed on board the felucca, the physician bearing him company, and before morning they were out of sight of land.

"The felucca reached Mahon in safety, but it brought Matteo's lifeless body. The physician had done all that human skill could accomplish, but the invalid had sunk beneath the fatal disease. The body was taken home, and when Irene heard the terrible news she was stricken down like one dead, and, even after she recovered from the swoon, she was so weak that she could not attend the funeral. On the second day after the body was brought home the funeral took place. I opened the old family vault, and my sister came, sad and broken-hearted, and deposited the form of her beloved son therein. There were many mourners, for my nephew had been highly esteemed by all who knew him, and his circle of relatives, too, was quite large. Finally the dark chamber was closed up, the iron gate locked, and the weeping mourners departed; and, when they were gone, I went to my cell, where I mourned alone.

"On the following day, when the sun was low in the west, throwing the long shadows almost into evening, I was aroused from a mournful reverie by the sudden appearance of Irene Altea. She was alone and unattended, and looked almost wild with excitement. She was very pale, and her dark hair floated in unconfined masses over her neck and shoulders. I drew her to a seat by my side, and asked her what she sought. She told me she had come to obtain the diamond which she had promised Matteo she would wear in memory of him.

"'I was weak and faint when they buried him,' she said, 'and I could not be with them. I could not see him again—I could not look upon his fair face which had smiled so often upon me. And they have buried the diamond with him. O! I promised him I would wear it—he would not rest content until I had given him a solemn pledge to that effect—and I dare not break my word. He came to me last night in a dream, and chided me because I had not kept my word. O! let me have the ring!'

"'Are you sure they left the jewel upon his finger?' I asked.

"'Yes,' she told me. 'They forgot to take it off. In their grief they did not think of it.'

"I knew that Irene had no desire for the diamond on account of its pecuniary value. On that score she would really have preferred not to possess it; but she had made a solemn promise that she would take it and wear it, and for that reason alone she had now sought it. But, I told her I dared not open the tomb for such a purpose. It would be sacrilege.

"But she would not listen. 'I must see him!' she cried. 'I must look upon that loved face once more ere the foul touch of decay mars its beauty. O, open to me!—Open the tomb, and let me enter!'

"I argued in vain. She was wild in her fixedness of purpose, and would not be turned away. She felt sure that the spirit of her beloved had spoken to her in the dream, and she should be utterly miserable if she could not obey the mandate, and thus keep her promise. She threw her arms about my neck, and bathed my cheeks with her tears. She clung to me, and begged and prayed, until my resolution began to waver. She knew that I had not the heart to hold out against her, and she began to bless me ere I had fully yielded. At length, however, I gave up, and told her to follow me. I led the way to the tomb, and unlocked the iron door, and when I had entered and found the coffin, I threw back the lid. The face of the sleeper was as beautiful in its quiet rest as the ideal form from the sculptor's marble, and I stood and gazed upon it for some moments before I called for Irene to enter. But I called her presently, and when she beheld the well remembered features of her beloved she pressed her lips upon the cold brow and wept aloud. She called his name in her agony, and asked God to take her with him.

"Suddenly she started back, as though something had frightened her, and caught me by the arm. I asked her what was the matter.

"'*He opened his eyes!*' she gasped. '*He breathed upon my lips!*'

"'It's only your imagination,' I said.

"But she did not stop to reply. Her scattered senses had returned to her, and she sprang back to the coffin. I heard her call her lover's name, in wild, frantic tones, and I quickly moved to her side. It was my turn now to be startled. Matteo's eyes were wide open, and he was struggling for breath. For a single instant a superstitious horror was upon me,—a flashing thought that this was a warning to me for my sacrilege,—but a hurried exclamation from Irene brought me to my senses. 'HE LIVES! HE LIVES!' she cried; and as the words fell upon my ear the truth burst upon me. With a spade which stood near at hand I tore the top of the coffin off, and when I had lifted its occupant to sitting posture, he spoke. He spoke to Irene first, and when she heard his voice, she sank fainting into my arms. I quickly conveyed her to the open air, and then returned.

"Matteo Linola was fully conscious now, though it was not until after I had assisted him from the coffin that he suspected where he was. He had at first supposed that he was within the narrow bunk of the felucca. When he comprehended the whole truth he came very nigh swooning, but I succeeded in keeping his spirits up, and finally led him from the tomb. I found Irene just recovering her consciousness, and ere long I had them both within the convent, where I furnished my nephew with a monk's garb in place of the grave-clothes, which he had cast off. That night he remained with us, our physician having prescribed some simple restoratives, and Irene watched by his couch. She would not leave him—she dared not—for she feared that it might all prove a delusive dream, from which she should only awake to misery again. In the morning, however, when he arose, refreshed and invigorated, her hopes found a firm basis, and she blessed God for the great joy.

"Matteo told me that he remembered being taken on board the felucca; and he also remembered that the vessel had put to sea; but all the rest was an utter blank until he had recovered his consciousness after I had opened his coffin. You can, perhaps, imagine something of the astoundment, and subsequent joy, of his parents, when he returned to them; and you can also imagine the surprise and wonder of the people when they saw him alive and well. But it is beyond my power to tell it all.

"I will only add, that he and Irene were married on the very day which had been appointed, and that you will not find, upon this island, two happier, or more thankful beings, than are they. Matteo's diamond seems to sparkle more brilliantly than ever before; and it certainly has a new and strange value in his estimation."

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THE RURAL LIFE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The rural life in every clime
Hath been the foe of war and crime,
Its earnest toils have nurtured health,
And quell'd the vanity of wealth,
And prov'd with adamantine band
The strength and glory of a Land.

The Farmer who, in days of old,
From house to house his produce sold;
Well-ripened fruits, and sheaves of gold
Seem'd to us, children of the town,
A trifle coarse and wondrous brown;
We wonder'd how his ample hand
Became so horny and so tann'd,
And deem'd his heavy shoes would ill
Befit the light-heel'd dancer's skill;
But they who, 'neath his roof, should try
The test of hospitality,
His honesty without a flaw,
His love of liberty and law,
Would find, howe'er conceal'd from view,
The roughen'd diamond pure and true.

He need not mark with anxious eye
The fluctuant market's usury,—
Nor had he need to watch or wail
The lightness of the baker's scale,—
His own sweet loaves from oven's maw,
Shall careful wife or daughter draw,—
Well pleas'd the household board to see
Crown'd by their active ministry.

His fields of grain, that richly spread,
His towering maize, with tassell'd head,—
His lowing herds that freely pour
The creamy nectar's balmy store,—
The poultry roaming proudly blest,
The ivory treasures of their nest;
The bees that hoard in cone-like bower
The honied essence of the flower;
The garden-roots that bide their time,
The fruits that fall, the vines that climb,
A plenteous aliment supply,
Which even Parisian luxury,
With all its wire-drawn art and fame,
Perchance might scorn but need not blame.

Ho! for the flax-field's blossom blue,
And lustrous leaf surcharg'd with dew,
Its fibrous stem the wheel shall stir
Of many a thrifty cottager.
Ho!—for the white flock wandering nigh
Thro' pastures green, with patient eye,—
Their silken fleece by woman's care
Transmuted for her household dear,
Arms them the keenest blast to bear;
And well such useful labors cheer
With sweet content her shelter'd sphere.

For she from loom and distaff drew
  Not thread alone, or warp and woof,
But strength to bear and will to do
  That kept neuralgic pains aloof;
The arm that in the dairy wrought,
  Gain'd muscle firm, by action free,
While buxom health and cheerful thought,
  The priceless gifts of industry,
Inspired the vigor that sustains
The mystic nerves and flowing veins,
Lends to the cheek a ruddy glow
  And keeps the forehead fair,
Even though chill age hath sifted snow
  Amid the lustrous hair.

Hartford, March 8th, 1859.

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A TRUE HISTORY OF THE COLONY OF NEW PLYMOUTH.

BY I. B

A Descendant of Anne Bradstreet, commonly called the Tenth Muse, etc., etc.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER IV.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

"The blinded boy that shootes so trim,
From heaven downe did hie;
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye."

Like some great oyster, fattening within its shells, New Plymouth after these events grew to exceeding bigness within her wooden walls. The army had been victorious in the north. Of vanquished Wessagusset nothing remained except a few Indian widows and orphans; nay, the Weston colony itself soon came to naught, its thievish community dispersed, and was heard of no more. Meantime sundry ships arrived with numerous adventurers to swell the forces of the settlement,—the Fortune, as we have seen, in November 1621; the Anne in the early part, and the Little James, later in the month of August 1623. Other events were interspersed between those already recorded,—the Narraghansetts, having sent a bundle of arrows tied up in a snake skin (or sneak's skin as it is written) to signify, that if they were as wise as serpents they were not quite as harmless as doves, received in reply, the same skin stuffed with bullets, a species of Bellona sausage the Indians did not choose to digest. Also poor old Governor Carver died, and was succeeded by silk-weaver Bradford, who being historian as well as ruler of the colony, had an opportunity to prepare the acts of his administration [illegible], and then to review them afterwards; a piece of good fortune enjoyed by few of his successors, and which no doubt accounts for many of them proving to be such sorry scrubs. Otherwise new laws were enacted, and penalties, both ancient and novel,—one borrowed from the code of the Maldives, that an insolvent debtor and his family should become the servants of the creditor until the debt was paid; another that duelists were to be tied hand and foot together until wounded honor was satisfied; and yet another, provided for those graceless reprobates who were endeavoring to overthrow civil and religious liberty in the colony, by introducing heretical doctrines of their own; which, although afterwards changed to a severer penalty, at first was only a mild admonition, in the shape of a salute with the but-end of a musket, upon an extremely sensitive part of the body; farther notice of which will be taken in the proper place. Nor must I neglect to mention a signal act of justice belonging to the early part of Gov. Bradford's administration, and which will remind you of the good Caliph Haroun Alraschid, my reader. On Christmas day when the colonists were called out to work, sundry refused, saying that it went against their consciences to work upon that day. So the governor led the rest to their usual labor and left them, but when he returned he found the others in the street, at play openly, some pitching the bar, and others at stool-ball and such sports—

"While Betty dances on the green,
And Susan is at stool-ball seen"—

Whereupon he took away their implements of recreation, and commanded them to their homes, "for it was as much against his conscience that they should play, as it was against theirs to work."

But a danger more imminent than savages, or Christmas sports, or heretical notions, was rapidly approaching. This was no less than an invasion of the muses, or rather their ministers,—a perilous rout of rhymesters, singers, and wits, the most dreaded enemies of the Puritans. Oh, what had been the condition of New England if ever the fearful flowers of genius had fairly taken root in its barren soil? But let me not anticipate; rather let me proceed with more pleasing matters. I will return to the expedition against Wessagussett.

The army of investigation having returned, the whole town turned out to celebrate the day. The guns fired, the colony drum beat, the solitary fife played "See the conquering hero." At the head of the forces marched Captain Miles Standish with something "as big as a pompion" in a red bag. This was the head of Wattawamut, the which, when arrived at the Town Hall, he threw upon the council table with a bounce, that made Elder Brewster start, Winslow smile, and Bradford turn pale. For let me tell you it was a fearful visage that,—the gory head of the savage! But who will not recognize in this incident a delicate sense of propriety in Captain Standish? He, although strongly urged by Hobbomuk, a friendly Indian, and guide to the expedition, to scalp both Wattawamut and Pecksniff, declined to do so, preferring to cut off the head of the former, and carry it home, scalp and all, as a trophy; not only to satisfy the council, but also to exhibit more visibly the contrast between the usages of uncivilized and polite nations. And as some of the Pilgrims beforetime had seen the decorations at Temple Bar, London, by their advice the head of the savage was stuck upon a pike in front of the Town Hall, in accordance with the latest English fashions. To this Captain Standish often wended his way, as he smoked his tranquil evening pipe, and was pleased to gaze upon it with such mingled feelings of pride, awe and commiseration, as we may imagine in later years Cromwell experienced, when he peeped under the coffin-lid at that of Charles I.

Peace and Plenty now put on their holiday clothes, and walked undisturbed through the streets of New Plymouth. Other buildings, of more substantial character, began to cluster against the hill slope upon which the town was founded. Opulence entered with a horn of the broadest mouth, and showered down beaver-skins upon the lucky Pilgrims.[*]

Again Captain Standish chafed under the manifold oppressions of a period of inactivity; this time somewhat modified by the operations of the Indian Squanto, who began to play 'possum with all parties; now filling the town with rumors of approaching enemies; now carrying alarms into the Indian camps,—saying that the Pilgrim Fathers had the plague buried in the ground, in a barrel of gunpowder, ready to let loose at a moment, and destroy them all; with other fly-traps of invention by which he gathered toll from both parties, but alas, lived not long to enjoy, as he died soon after from hard drink.

Among the passengers by the vessel called the Little James, there was a buxom damsel of some two-and-thirty years of age, with a roguish eye and a ruddy lip, as well as some competent and worthy recommendations in the form of worldly goods. This lady was a most notorious and cruel beauty, whose memory yet survives in a "*broadside*," or street ballad, preserved in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society, from which, by the indulgence of the President of that association, I am permitted to copy a stanza, that embraces, at once, her name, her complexion, and her character.

"In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin;
Made every youth crye Wel—awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen."

Thus doubly armed, with beauty and with reputation, came Barbara Allen to the quiet little town, and of course was admired by all the men and disliked by all the women of New Plymouth. Admired by all the men! I should have said—save one; and that one was Captain Miles Standish, who being of a most ferruginous, or iron temper, as well as a widower of three years standing, did not melt readily, like a taper of wax, but bore himself stiffly in her presence, as beseemed a warrior whose heart was locked up in a steel cuirass. Besides, the Captain was no chicken, let me tell you, nor yet an Adonis—for he was in stature short, and in muscle meagre, as well as parrot-toed—which is always a mark of firmness; otherwise, much like the portrait of Don Abbondio in Manzoni's novel of *I. Promessi Sposi*; "two thick locks escaped from beneath his head piece, two thick eyebrows, two thick moustachios and a chin-tuft, all of them gray, and scattered over his dark and wrinkled visage, might be compared to bushes covered with snow, projecting from the face of a cliff, as seen by moonlight."

But, strange as it may appear, the forbidding features and iron nature of Captain Standish made a wonderful impression upon the heart of Barbara the Cruel. If I were a very woman, and could speak as knowingly as I might of the secret motives that inspire the sex to encounter and subdue the ruder nature of men, I might, perhaps, touch a spring that would fly open and reveal many a curious enigma. But as a historian, I must be content simply to photograph the outward acts of my heroines and heroes, rather than attempt to exhibit the main-springs, feather-springs, checks, balances, promptings, incentives, baits, and allurements, which in all countries and in all times have been the hidden machinery of that which professes to be—philosophy teaching by example. Therefore, I shall not open this part of the subject wider than it may require to inform my reader that Barbara Allen always passed the solitary dwelling in Leyden street, where the Captain was smoking his pipe, with downcast looks and a blush painted in either cheek. And for his part, the Captain, after following her with a scowl for some distance, would usually ejaculate a long spiral of smoke in the summer air, accompanied with a silent wish that he were in the wilderness; the centre of an Indian ambuscade; cut off from all succor; with but those hated and detested eyes, namely, the eyes of the said Barbara, to criticise his manœuvres! And here I will conclude this chapter, in the belief that the reader has already seen the point, towards which the affairs of Barbara Allen and Captain Standish are incontinently drifting.

[*] As the animal above-named is fast passing into oblivion, I will quote some account of it. "The beaver sits in his house built on the water, like a Dutchman, with his tayle hanging in the water, which else would overheate and rot off. He is much valued by the Indians both for his skinne, of which they make hats for their women, as for his muske, which he carrieth in a little bag between his fore-legs, and biteth off when hotly pursued. His dam has no tayle, but a mill-tayle, and he loveth to pursue the musk-rat to his nest, where he feedeth upon his egges."

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THREE IMPORTANT FACTS.

Never be influenced by external appearances in forming your judgment of a person's worth. This is an important rule, for many a noble spirit is covered by habiliments of poverty, while not unfrequently a showy exterior conceals a villain of the basest kind. Dean Swift said that nature had given every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not shining in company; and "there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they may correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable." The world would be more happy if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship.

MR EVERETT AND THE "LEDGER."

[From the Nassau Literary Magazine.]

When report was made certain that hebdomadal literature in our country was to be honored with contributions from the pen of a Chrysostom in eloquence and Metternich in statesmanship, why were men's minds blank with amazement? why were news-journals typed with exclamations? A comet might fall blazing and burning from the clear sky, and ridicule would be his portion who should wonder; but no sooner is the quill of an eminent scholar sharpened for popular amusement, than lo! men stop in their pursuits and breathless whisper: "It was never so seen in Israel." Thus pours out his grief-stricken soul a late writer in what we have heretofore considered a very respectable, time-honored Magazine. * * * Our satirist may be overwhelmed some fine morning to wake up and find himself among mechanics and iron-founders; but he need not visit Pittsburgh to see what a tremendous power iron is. We advise him to shake the dust off his feet and leave this wicked country, where most of us believe, with Burns, that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that."

Detractors and scoffers have not been wanting, since our distinguished countryman first commenced his noble work in behalf of the Mount Vernon Association. Fanaticism finds fault with his oration, because it is based on large sympathies. Bigotry berates the orator, because he believes in charity. But who that loves the Union and reveres the memory of Washington, is not thrilled by Edward Everett's eloquence and inspired by his thoughts? It is a beautiful coincidence that the crowning literary work of the first of American writers should be a Life of Washington, and that the master-piece of America's greatest orator should be an address on the Character of Washington.

Engaged earnestly in efforts to reclaim Mount Vernon (our money-getting country*men* being void of enthusiasm—singularly enough—in regard to the matter,) Mr. Everett offers to the fair managers of the patriotic Association the aid of his eloquence. Instantly stocks rise and consols are quoted above par. (For we will pay a good deal to hear a great genius discuss a great subject.) But the enterprise is Herculean—resembling a journey in mountainous regions, where the traveler has no sooner reached the top of one hill, than a dozen more loom up beyond. Thus situated and thus working, the proprietor of a literary weekly offers a substantial lift, if Mr. Everett will contribute articles from his pen for the reading of the great mass. Here is a new field opened to the statesman and orator—the lighter business of the popular essayist. We say *popular essayist*, because we do not mean the ponderous critic of the Review, serving up articles of heavy thought in elaborated diction and majestic style. That Mr. Everett is capable of all this, the files of the *North American* are ample proof. But we mean the choice indicator to a public wearied with the toil and labor of the day, of the beauties and sublimities around us, in earth, sea and sky; the cheerful companion enlivening by a wit pointed with truth and moral, and spicy with anecdote and description; thus beguiling weariness, and stimulating and refreshing exhausted nature. Nor let it be supposed that any ordinary mind has the capacity for such writing. Not vulgar idiom, not flash simile and still *flashier* wit, any more than lofty grandiloquence, learned air and remote allusion, are what is needed. Clear expression, discriminating use of words, simple illustration—exercised on topics familiar to the common mind—these are the essentials of the popular essayist. Few possess such requisites. And when we add to them, as in the [illegible] of Mr. Everett, a knowledge of all literatu[illegible]d a command of all learning, upon which t[illegible]ay rest and about which they may play [illegible] but Mr. Everett is fully competent to th[illegible]?

That the Mount Vernon Papers [illegible] laudation, no one who has read them c[illegible]y—bearing in mind all the while what [illegible]uld be the style and character of such wr[illegible]s—ought to deny. In clearness and simp[illegible] they offer a contrast to the usual litera[illegible]productions in magazines and weeklies, at once pleasing and hopeful. For they inaugurate a new era, and lead us to anticipate a periodical literature founded less on vain attempts to imitate Carlyle in his vagaries, and more on models such as Addison has given in the Spectator, and such as grammatical propriety at once with common sense would dictate. As to the subjects treated, we cannot conceive why any person should be dissatisfied with the selection of every-day topics. Did Mr. Querulous expect learned disquisitions on virtue, or rhetorical flourishes on our "ideas of the sublime and beautiful?" He certainly could not have expected elaborate papers on oratory, any more than profound conjectures in metaphysics. We think, (and we put forward our opinion without affectation and with great humility, being in some sort like Mr. Uriah Heep, "very 'umble,") that Mr. Everett's wisdom is no less apparent in his choice of topics than in his acceptance of Mr. Bonner's generous offer. Where could we have gone to get the information—and conveyed in such beautiful diction, and with so systematic arrangement—embodied in the paper on the "Parable against Persecution?" Possibly in a few years many in professional study might have been able to get most of the details narrated in that paper, but where could the great mass of the "Ledger" subscribers—whose employments are in a different sphere—have been posted? And certainly our professional friends would scarcely have been able to gather all the facts in so agreeable a manner, and in such condensed and lucid statement. *Ex uno disce omnes*; though we should lose nothing for our case by reference to the paper on "Washington's Diary," where are facts to which only a limited few could ever gain access, clearly stated and succinctly and brilliantly narrated. But why prolong our opinions? We have set forth what we conceive to be the peculiar excellences of the Mount Vernon papers, and from that stand-point the candid reader should view them. They are not the productions of studied thought, but—as the author has himself intimated—the light essays of leisure. It would be a pertinent inquiry, who else than Mr. Everett, occupied with heavier studies and writings, and with constant demands on his time and strength—both doubly valuable to him in his advanced years—for the delivery of his great address, could give to the public weekly essays so charming in diction, chaste in style, and beautiful in thought, as the Mount Vernon papers?

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FORGET YOUR INJURIES.

He is unwise and unhappy who never forgets the injuries he may have received; they are indented on his face, making the visage of the injured man frightful, like neglected wounds inflicted upon the stately tree, and which might have been effaced by the careful husbandman. They come home to his heart like, when the sunshine of happiness would bless him, and throw him into a tumult that not easily subsides. The demon of hate reigns in his bosom, and makes him of all accountable creatures the most miserable.

Have you been injured in purse or character? Let the smiling angel of forgiveness find repose in your bosom, and you will be fully revenged, and what is of more consequence, your health and peace of mind will be improved.

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A FACT.—REMEMBER IT.—Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty and of ease, and the sister of temperance, of cheerfulness and of health; and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that generally involves her followers in dependence and debts, that is, fetters them with "irons into their souls."

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

No Traveling Agents.—We employ no traveling agents. If any person acts as such he must be a swindler.

GOOD SOCIETY.

Since a very large number of our countrymen and countrywomen desire to live as people in Good Society live, and to form their manners after the models exhibited therein, it is of some importance to have it understood, what Good Society really is, and how life is conducted in its charmed circles.

There is a streak of porcelain running through the common clay of human nature. That is to say, there is a certain number of people in every community who possess, in a high degree, intelligence and good nature, and along with these qualities, that resolution and industry which give them a competent share of property. We say a *competent* share of property; that is, enough to relieve the mind of corroding cares, and a little more than enough to provide the decencies of life in the sphere in which one may happen to move. People thus endowed and provided are Good Society. A few of them live in palaces and some in tenement houses; but wherever they live and entertain their friends, there is happiness, ease, refinement and dignity. Station has nothing to do with it. Birth has nothing to do with it. Profession has nothing to do with it. Every man of cordial heart, pure life and good manners, every virtuous woman, whose good nature teaches her how to make others happy, is a member of Good Society.

Good Society differs from the imitation article chiefly in the fact, that it is *not* an imitation. If it dresses itself well, and adorns its abode, and behaves itself with decorum and grace, it does so, not because these things are customary and expected, but because it respects itself, and because it *loves* what is cleanly, orderly and beautiful. Good Society does not, however, despise public opinion; it is only not its slave. It is a free and joyous fraternity, wherein every one does what he pleases, because every one pleases to do what is right in itself and agreeable to others. The politeness that prevails in Good Society is the politeness that does not lie; because its members really *want* to please, and are naturally *disposed* to take people at their best, and so comport themselves as to call forth from each individual those feelings which are worthiest of him. Good Society is not an affair of carpets and drawing-rooms. Wherever two or three well-informed people are gathered together who love and respect one another, and discourse pleasantly together, whether it is round a stump in the fields, or in the composing room of a newspaper, or among the benches of a cobbler's shop, or even in a Fifth Avenue mansion, *there* is Good Society.

There is one characteristic of good society which is well worth noting, and that is its demeanor towards persons of another sex. In a woman Good Society recognizes an equal human being. It does not grin at her as though she were an idiot, nor flatter her as though she were a fool, nor defer to her as if she were a creature unworthy of being contradicted. In Good Society women are not regarded in the mass as "the ladies," but each stands on her own merits, as men do, and is expected to have her own opinions and her own knowledge, and to be a rational being generally. No taint of the prevailing opinion of female inferiority, and the mock homage which that opinion suggests, mars the free and honest interchange of sentiment between men and women in Good Society. Not that the men forget that woman is woman, the august mothers of the species, and, as such, entitled to a certain tender respect. But far different is this from that hollow thing called gallantry, which, by taking it for granted that women *are* dolls, does all it can to make them such.

About the pleasantest thing in life is Good Society. Nothing is done therein *for effect*. The small vanities are well battened down under hatches. Bright spirits shine without trying to shine, or feeling that they shine, and without dimming the milder lustre of less gifted mortals. High and warm the flood of talk may rise, but the angel Good Will presides over the scene, animating but controlling every mind. Happy are we who live in a country where only one class of people are quite excluded from Good Society, and that a small one; the class, namely, that sets up to *be* Good Society, *par excellence*, and asks of candidates for admission into it not, What *are* you? but What *have* you? To these unfortunates alone are forever denied the pleasures of Good Society in blest America.

* * *

A SMALL TALK ABOUT POLITICS.

"But we thought the LEDGER was not a political paper!"—Very well;—that is only one of many points, probably, upon which, good reader, you have been mistaken. The LEDGER *is* a political paper;—please set that down as a fixed fact. You are perfectly right in supposing that it is not a *party* paper,—nor a *sectional* paper,—nor a dealer in the epithets, and slanders and prejudices and suspicions which form too large a part of the usual discussions of our political journals. But you are very far out of the way if you suppose it cares nothing about the Country,—that it does not love the Union and the Constitution,—that it is not eager to promote in every possible way the welfare of the great mass of the people and to save the land from the dominion of injustice and selfishness;—and it can do nothing towards these ends without taking some part in *politics*,—for politics means looking after the government and the public welfare.

In point of fact half our political difficulties and all our political dangers grow out of the *neglect* of politics by our best men. They leave public affairs to the control of those who make it their profession. They are too much occupied with their business, their books, their pleasures, their domestic affairs and their general enjoyments; they cannot attend political meetings, nor go to the polls, nor take any pains to inform the public mind on political topics. The natural result is that all this work falls into the hands of men who can make money by it. It creates a class of professional politicians,—who aim at the success of their own party, not for the sake of the public, but for the sake of office and the profits thereof.

The consequence of this is what we see all around us. Politics have come to be a matter of caucusses and of management. The people have very little to say on the subject. In theory they select their own rulers, and make their own laws. In practice they put in office men who have been nominated by wire-pullers,—for the promotion of their own ends and the advancement of their own interests. This explains why it is that we hear on every side reports of corruption and misconduct in public office. The men who are placed there go to help themselves, not to help the country. They go to fill their own pockets, not to save money for the people by an economical administration of the laws.

So long as the management of public affairs is thus left in the hands of inferior and selfish men, so long may we expect the country to be badly governed. Mr. EVERETT said a year ago that public life was a very different thing now from what it was when he first entered upon its duties. Then a Statesman was expected to study the welfare of the country,—to make himself acquainted with its resources, and to learn how they might be developed,—to study the relations of our own country with other nations, and to be always eager to avail himself of every opportunity of advancing its interests and promoting the permanent welfare of the people. But all this has changed. Now the whole aim of men in public life seems to be to obtain some paltry triumph of one section or of one party over another,—to foment ill-feeling,—to perpetuate prejudices and misunderstandings among the people, and by skillfully playing upon their passions to place or keep themselves in possession of power. There is unhappily a great deal of justice in these complaints. Anxious as we are to think well of our country, and much as we detest anything like croaking, we cannot help feeling that for the last few years the tendency of our public life has been downwards. There is less of high-toned, unselfish devotion to the public good,—less of that jealous sense of honor which shrinks with horror from everything like corruption,—than there used to be and ought to be. And the reason is, that we have allowed a very different class of men to take possession of offices of responsibility and of trust. Instead of seeking the ablest, purest, most experienced and best qualified men of the country for these great public duties, we have allowed them to fall into the hands of men who care for nothing but the money they can make out of them, or the gratification of pride which their possession affords.

The remedy for this, as for all other defects, lies with the people. They have the power in their own hands, and it is their *duty*, as well as their right, to use it. Our best citizens must not shirk political duties. They betray the interests of the country when they allow them to be thus made the foot-ball of partizans and the prey of the unprincipled and avaricious. Our clergymen, our lawyers, our merchants, our scholars, writers and educated men of every grade and in every section owe it to themselves and their country to labor, to the best of their ability, for a reform of abuses and the restoration of the government to the tone and the principle of its better days.

This is the LEDGER's political creed, and we trust there are none among its million readers who do not agree with it. We care nothing about mere party ascendancy,—for in the main all parties are substantially the same. But we resist and denounce everywhere the feeling, which prevails very widely, that party success is more important than the public good. We want men in office independent enough to disregard party ties when they conflict with public duty,—and strong enough to maintain themselves in so doing against the despotism of party machinery. We want to see an end put to corruption and chicanery of every kind in the administration of public affairs. And although we do not expect to see such a millenium immediately, we believe it to be the duty of every man to do all in his power to bring it about.

* * *

SPRING VOICES.

Every season has its own peculiar voices and beauties. Even the "drear and sullen Winter" is not without its glittering coronals to delight the eye—though the many sigh not when it is past. But of all seasons, Spring comes with the most delicious voices, and under the balmy breath of April and May nature takes on a garb of verdure more regal than the purple of kings. The voices of Spring are delicious, in that with dear and fondly remembered tones they break the long silence of the ice-bound Earth, and transform the landscape from barrenness to life—from solitude to populous activity.

The springs and brooks are free again to sparkle athwart the meadows—the singing birds come back to their haunts, led by the home-hallowed robin—the arbutus shoots its delicate blossoms, sweeter than "spice of Araby," in the woods, and the tulips kindle the garden-borders to a flame. How the grasses dart their slender spears toward the sun, and all budding things are quick and bursting into life. The air is resonant with music—the clouds are piled softer and float more goldenly in the skies—all Earth seems rapt with the joy of its renewing.

Beautiful are the hegiras of the busy bees in search of the Spring-flowers—not an odor can escape their scent, not a sweet hide from their dainty taste. The farmer rejoices under the benignancy of Spring, which calls him to the furrow whence he is to gather another golden harvest. Glad is the heart of the angler, trolling once more for the spotted trout. The garden vegetates, the lawn puts on its velvet, the orchards bloom, and there is a glorious revival among the leaves. Pitiful are all fancied enchantments compared with Earth's metamorphosis at the touch of Spring. Verily, this is a type—a fit type of the resurrection and the life. Let us accept it as such, and may it renew in our hearts the blossoms of virtue and truth.

* * *

THE TRUE REWARD

For mental or moral achievement is not to be found in human praise, but in the approbation of one's conscience, which, if unperverted, is but another mode of saying, in the approving smile of the Dispenser of all, Man may err in his estimate, be it high or low, of his fellow's efforts, but God never. Do we not know that "the very best have had their calumniators, the very worst their panegyrists?" Then why should any one listen with too eager an ear for what the world may say? At the same time, we do not plead for an absolute indifference to the judgment of our fellows; but that judgment should be a secondary consideration, for if it is favorable, the Final Judge may reverse it; if it is adverse, He may still sustain it. Between the sentence of Him and the sentence of man there is just the difference that there is between Time and Eternity. And how much nobler and grander to invoke the eye of the Everlasting than the eye of the Perishable! How poor, how base is the one who trembles under the vision of man!—yet there is moral sublimity in the Author or the worker who labors fearfully and reverently beneath the eye of HIM who "searches the reins and trieth the hearts of men!"

* * *

WHEN THE VICTORY COMETH.

That moment we can patiently say *from our heart*—under any trial, God's will be done, that moment the smart and pain are taken out of it, and the wound commences to heal. Slowly it may be—with many a halting step in store ere all traces of our faltering shall have disappeared, but yet when that has been *sincerely* said, as certain as life itself, we shall stand strong and erect before him, with smiling face looking into our untried and accepted future, leaving it willingly in his hands who "in love, hath smote us." Prosperity—not adversity—is our foe. We may well pray, when life like a brimming wine cup is held sparkling to our lips, and way is made for us in the public thoroughfare, and our ships ride safely on the ocean, and our coffers are full, for then is the soul too often starved, and lies like Lazarus begging at the gate of Dives. Ah—if we have no ears for that cry! If in rags that soul must be bid to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. If all we have lived for must be left at the tomb's portal—how much more blessed he, who through blinding tears, has yet laid up his treasure in heaven.

GOING TO MOVE.

In those three words how many headaches are breeding, carpet-shakers and carmen and upholsterers only know, as they, no doubt, are at this moment contriving ingenious professional ways of bringing the same about. I am to move. I, who can't see a pin or bit of thread on the carpet, without laying down my pen to pick it up. I, who rise and cross the room to wipe a speck of dust off a vase. I, who go mad if anybody so much as whistles at my desk or papers, and consider it an indictable offense to take up my pen or pencil from the exact spot where I laid it down. I, who perspire if anybody leaves my bureau or closet doors open, or miss-mates my gaiter-boots or slippers. I, who hate dust above all earthly annoyances, and abominate turmoil, fuss and confusion. Heaven help me, I am to move. I am to see my bonnet put into the coal-scuttle, and the poker and tongs wrapped up in my dresses, and great slices taken out of my piano, and arms, legs and noses ruthlessly torn from my statues, and my MSS. used for wrapping paper. I am never to find anything I want for three good months, though I stand in the middle of my household gods, with tears in my eyes and a broomstick in my hands; and everything I *don't* want, and meant to leave behind, is to be continually turning up under my nose, till I wish I hadn't any nose, and twenty people are to be constantly talking into each of my distracted ears, and in the middle of it all I am to sit down and write, yea, *write*, just as calmly as if I were sitting in a meadow, under a broad green tree, beside a little brook, which was telling me all the pretty things which little brooks know how to tell, and birds were singing, and boughs waving, and flowers wooing, till I was as drunk with bliss as a humming-bird in a lily cup. Dear me, I shan't survive it—I know that; so I might as well make my will. Oh, I know the old joke you are about perpetrating, "as if a woman never made her will till she died;" don't insult my misery with your stale jokes; leave that to Jonas Longdrawnout; not that Jonas isn't an acquisition to any circle, still he might have a better memory and not die of it.

Yes—I am to move, I feel it in every nerve. I don't sleep for thinking of it, and diabolical persons are constantly referring to it, as soon as I wake. I can't deny that I've had cowardly ideas of abscondiag till the whirlwind be overpast; but it is of no use, because if any of my pet things are smashed I shall feel it, let me be where I will. No—there's no escape for me, so I'll meet it—*like a man*—i. e., I'll—say—"my dear, now pray don't have any cooking done on *my* account;" and then I'll run to the best restaurant I can find and order the very best dinner to be had there, and put my feet up and make myself comfortable generally—now and then going home and looking in upon those who are shouldering all the trouble, with—"poor dears, how glad I shall be when 'tis well over!"

FANNY FERN.

* * *

"I AM NOT MAD!"

From how many great souls has this pleading, protesting, piteous cry been vainly wrung in the gloomy intolerant past. During all those ages when all the powers ruled by "divine right," and branded all innovating discovery and opinion as heresy or treason, no Copernicus, nor Galileo, nor Guttenberg, could show his progressive hand but the shout went up, "A sorcerer! A madman! Away with him to the dungeon or the stake!" And so all aspiring intellect that shrunk from martyrdom, was hushed and crushed—and so they stoned and fettered the prophets, whose tongues might have blazoned the world with redeeming truth. Once in a while there strode across their way a soul whose tongue would not be silenced by thongs nor dungeon-bars. Such an one was he, the French De Caus, from whom the English Marquis of Worcester, arrested by his cry, "I am not mad!" through the bars of the Bicêtre, got the knowledge that has ranked him among the discoverers of steam-power. "I am not mad!" cried out the soul burthened with a mighty secret, which was in time to revolutionize the toil and travel of the world. But not so thought the proud Cardinal who thrust the importunate discoverer into a dungeon. O the divine madness of aspiring thought! What blessings and grandeurs have perished with it in the anguish of forced silence—in the solitude and dark where it fed upon and consumed itself. O accursed despotisms, that trampled it down, thanks be to God! ye can no longer smother it in dungeon glooms nor torture it upon racks. Light, more Light! panting for this, it has found it at last, and may exult in it and proclaim it wide as the globe.

* * *

HEROIC KINDNESS.

A youth was taking his evening walk with his dog not long ago, when he saw a poor fellow sitting on the track of a rail-road, with his face buried in his hands. Along that track a mail train was to pass in about an hour, and the evening was already darkening into night. He went to the man and found him drunk, beyond all consciousness. He roused him to his danger, got him to his feet and on his way, and then started on his own, which was in an opposite direction. When he had walked a little way, he looked back and saw the poor man seated on the rail again, with his face covered. There would have been, in a short time, another text for a "Fearful Rail-road Calamity!" He went to him again, stirred him up once more, but this time went along with him, and never left him till he had safely delivered him at his house, which was on the line of the rail-road, *nearly four miles off*. By this time the man was pretty well sobered, and he and his friends poured out their gratitude to his young preserver, in broken but deeply-affecting expressions of thankfulness.

Now there, we think, was a specimen of genuine heroism. Is there not more honor in saving one life than in destroying fifty—in restoring one man to his anxious and trembling family, than in making five hundred widows and orphans? We would rather have done the act of that young man than to have led the charge at Inkerman, or rallied the French lines amidst the roar of artillery at Lodi. Such must be our estimate of the matter, if we judge of human actions in the spirit of Him who "came not to destroy men's lives but to save them."

* * *

AUTHORS AND THEIR CHILDREN.

If it is proper and beautiful in a parent to love his offspring, why should the author be censured for entertaining an affection for his book, the child of his brain and heart! It is all nonsense to call such affection an egotism, without you are willing to regard a parent's love for his child in the same light. If Shakspeare felt "an inward smile" when he heard any one of his grand or tender passages uttered with effect; or Milton heard with serene delight his manuscript of Paradise Lost read by his daughter; or Newton felt an elevation of soul when his eye happened to light on his "Principia"—what should hinder them from the smile, the delight and the elevation? Has not the worker a right to rejoice in his work? Let him but feel that he is the instrument in the hands of Providence, and there is a sublimity in his joy. There is no vanity; there is a just and noble pride, whose effect must be, while the mental and physical powers last, to stimulate him to new exertion and still greater fruition. Then let the planter of the tree rest in peace and delight under its foliage—especially if, as in the case of authors, he permits you to repose with him.

A DIALOGUE.

We were abroad for our summer's rest and ramble, which, for that time, we were taking in that part of North-Eastern New York where the Green Mountains come down to the level of the Empire State in those magnificent undulations which, in their boundless variety of line and configuration, give such a character of picturesque and peculiar beauty to that fine region. No "Tourist" nor "Traveller's Hand-Book" has ever described it that we know of. We enjoyed it none the less for that. One likes to get out of the dust now and then, and see Nature where every eye does not look upon her,—in those sweet haunts where fashion and pleasure and tawdry sentimentalism have not yet intruded. You may range over the admired scenery of many lands and not find anything at once so bold and ample in outline, and yet so beautiful in detail, as parts of North-Eastern New York. The bare and heath-clad slopes of the Scottish Highlands have a grandeur of their own, but their "steep, frowning glories" have nothing of the cheerful aspect of that region. Where the Swiss Alps subside into the vine-covered hills of France one sees something like it; but you miss one feature, without which, to the American eye, the moral interest of the scene is wanting—those *well-fenced* farms and snug abodes which here and there occupy the *clearings* on these slopes, and which speak of the individuality, and independence, and comfort of the American farmer as contrasted with the abject and overtaxed peasant of the European continent.

In a romantic and secluded nook of that region, we were one morning threading a mountain road, with the Green Mountains full in view away in the distant east, and a wild and lovely interval of hill and dale, farm and forest between, while a dark and thickly-wooded ravine skirted our right, when we were joined in our solitary walk by an aged farmer. Now we hold that unsophisticated human nature is the most interesting specimen of *nature* to be found; so we greatly enjoyed the "free flow" of chat with the kind old man.

On the green interspaces of this seldom-traveled road, we observed here and there a creeping plant, bearing flowers so small that the naked eye could scarcely distinguish their form. We pulled a sprig and examined it through a pocket microscope. O how the little beauty unfolded under the powerful lens! From about the size of a pin-head, it grew to nearly the dimensions of a full-blown rose. How spotless the white of its petals! How brilliant the crimson and purple touches which were dashed on their snowy surface! How graceful the *tournure* of the corolla! How exquisitely delicate and beautiful its fringe! A silver frost-work coated the under side of the leaf of the plant, compared with which the finest show-work in any jeweller's window in Broadway would be mere bungling.

We gazed awhile, and then told our aged companion to look through. He did so, and after a moment of wondering delight, threw up both hands, exclaiming—

"Oh! the art of man!"

This, as a *first impression*, rather disappointed us. We quietly suggested—

"Oh! the power of God!"

"Well, that's true—but" (taking another look through the glass) "how wonderful to make that little thing look so big!"

"How wonderful to make that little thing at all, and to make it so perfect that the bigger you make it look, the more beautiful! It is'nt so with man's work. Take the finest thing that the art of man ever finished and look at it through that glass, and it shows full of cracks and crevices and coarse inequalities. But can you see one single unevenness in the frost-work under that leaf? And then it would take a first rate artist several weeks to make and paint one decent imitation of that flower. But God strews them in millions along the spaces and sides of this road—you have been treading on them perhaps these fifty years—and he makes millions of new ones every spring;—and every spring he roofs over these woods with fresh leaves, and lays down a new carpet over these fields far superior to the finest green velvet. And that glorious sun which comes over yonder mountains in the morning, lighting all the world to work! And the stars which march out in innumerable hosts at night! And as to this glass, it was made of sand—and who made that? Who made the hand that fashioned it—the eye that guided the operation, and then looks through it and sees these wonders—the mind, without which neither hand, eye, glass or flower would be of any use?"

"Yes—that's so—but"—

That "but" indicated a barrier which could not be overleaped. There he stood, gazing and wondering at that little glass, while flower, forest and mountain, earth and heaven, aye, and himself too, the greatest marvel of all—so "fearfully and wonderfully made!"—could not tempt one glance above "the art of man" to "the power of God!"

* * *

A LIFE WASTED.

The recent, sudden and violent death of Hon. Mike Walsh has excited a deep sensation in this community. All are reminded of the unquestionable talent—perhaps genius—of the deceased; of his many good qualities of heart; of his sympathy for the poor; of his hatred of oppression; and they are also reminded of, and contemplate with sorrow, the utter failure of this brilliant, genial, patriotic man to do anything essentially useful either for himself or others. The great fact that to all high, useful and noble intents and purposes, *that man's life was wasted*, stares the community in the face, and makes it pause (for a moment,) and think, and heave a sigh of sympathy and regret. And *there*, in Mike Walsh's life and death, is a lesson for the young men of this city and of this nation, if they would but read it and heed it. What a noble career might he have achieved had he turned away from those who haunt the seething dens of moral death, and followed instead the ways of wisdom and the paths of righteousness. Poor Mike! He learned a hard lesson, and suffered much from the use of the intoxicating cup; and the keenest pangs he felt were doubtless inflicted by the consciousness that for that cup he had wasted his life.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true."

* * *

"LEARNED" TRIFLING.

Some of the "famous criminal lawyers" of this city, are in the habit of turning the solemnity of the trial of a prisoner on a charge involving life and death, into the buffooneries of a low theatre. They seem to regard a murder, simply as an occurrence affording them an opportunity for unlimited fees and fun. And such paltry attempts at wit! Schoolboys would be ashamed of them. For example: "The witness, your Honor, seems to know more law than we lawyers ourselves!" "He wouldn't have to know much to do that!" retorts "the learned counsel on the other side," and Bench and Bar laugh as though something witty had been said. Another "learned counsel" asks, "Did the murdered man bleed much from the wound through his heart?" and the reply being in the negative, "the learned counsel on the other side" facetiously remarks that "the poor man's heart was so full of the milk of human kindness there was no room there for any blood!" and Bench and Bar laugh again, seemingly without the slightest compunctions of conscience. Such trifling on the trial of a human being for murder, is beneath the dignity of a legal tribunal.

EVERETT'S ORATION

ON THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

That *résumé* of history,
Stamp'd on the mystic zone
That binds the Eighteenth century
In union with our own;
Possessed a higher interest
Than rests in Beauty's glance;
E'en when she holds her votaries
In love's bewitching trance.

It came, in purest dignity,
Of gesture and of speech;
Adorned with richest tracery
That eloquence can reach;
It spoke of noble character,
In grateful hearts enshrined—
To live, while live the impulses
Of freedom in the mind.

It pictured forth the Majesty
Of WASHINGTON, our Sire—
Portrayed, in glowing energy,
The patriotic fire
That slept beneath the thoughtfulness
Of his expansive brow;
But woke to win the victories
That bless his children now.

It sketched, in brilliant coloring,
The Great of other lands;
But traced around their coronets,
Both dark and blood-stained bands;
In greatness for his goodness,
Our Hero stood alone:
Engirded with a nobleness
Inherently his own.

And ne'er shall fade those memories
Of him—our Nation's head;
Defiant of oblivion,
Though with the sleeping dead.
We'll keep our sacred heritage,
By him so bravely won;
The watch-word of our liberties
Shall still be—WASHINGTON!

And is there not a symmetry,
That brightly blends in one,
His spotless fame and deathless name,
In lasting benison?
And who, those traits of harmony,
Which marked him, can forget,
That ever heard his eulogy
Pronounced by EVERETT? C. M. R.

Williamsburgh, L. I., March 12, 1859.

* * *

THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

The love of the beautiful is of celestial origin. It is the holy offspring of an affection for the good and true. The myriad phases of earthly beauty, that spring up in life's humblest pathways, are visible symbols of the infinite, ineffable beauty of diviner spheres. How affluent is the exuberant earth in revelations of loveliness! They burst into life beneath our feet, in

> "The bright mosaics that with storied beauty
> The floor of Nature's temple tesselate—"

they beat the air with iris-tinted pinions above our heads—stretch out enchanting vistas before our eyes—dance on the crest of the impetuous water-fall—slumber upon the bosom of the tranquil stream—gaze at their own images in the mirror of the glassy lake—look down from the effulgent stars—unfurl their orient-hued banners at the waving of Aurora's hand—shoot their meteoric lights before wondering eyes—arch the prismatic bow in the blue canopy above—start into life whenever Nature lifts her sceptre, an undisputed sovereign,—sparkle in every quivering dew-drop—pulsate through the great artery of all creation. And day and night these glorious witnesses of beauty's all-pervading existence are chaunting in chorus, "Love the beautiful, for those immortal fountains, whence all purity descends, are beauty's well-spring!" And the poet lifts his voice to echo the universal hymn, and sings

> ———"thus was Beauty sent from Heaven,
> The lovely ministress of Truth and Good
> In this dark world; for Truth and Good are one,
> And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
> With like participation. Wherefore, then,
> O sons of earth, would ye dissolve the tie?"

But the world is not embellished by the beauty which prodigal Nature alone unfolds; her handmaiden, Art, develops the beautiful with emulating skill, and when she weds a pure creation to a noble use, her brow is radiant with Nature's borrowed crown! The vivid reflex of the painter's genius mirrored upon our walls—the triumph of the sculptor's chisel reared in our homes—are not mere tasteful, profitless luxuries. There is a soul-refining power in their familiar contemplation—they quicken those higher sensibilities which time is making a constant effort to deaden—they find avenues to the dormant heart, hitherto undiscovered—they lift the daily thoughts out of the monotonous round of petty solicitudes—out of the mire of common place cares which so quickly destroy the freshness of the spirit—they fill the mind, through the eye, with elevating images—with visions of serener realms, until the clamor and tumult of this world sound afar off. Thus inspired, Art shares Nature's glory when she achieves the beautiful and lays the offering upon a heaven-dedicated altar.

There is a class of beings who seem especially gifted with *beautifying eyes*,

> "With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold."

They have an unconscious power of idealizing whatever they look upon in Nature, in Art, in Humanity. They deck the granite hardness of Reality with the tender and clinging ivy of sentiment, and cover the sharp angles of bare facts with the velvety mosses of imagination. With them there is ever an under-current of poetry flowing beneath life's turgid stream of tritest prose. They are the world's true poets, though perchance they cannot lay claim to the smallest foothold of territory in Parnassus, and have never been impelled by the stirring of the "divine afflatus" to pen an inspiration. They are the true artists, though they paint no pictures, for they have the artist-instinct throbbing within, and a living panorama of graceful forms, symmetrical outlines, and glorious scenes, is ever passing in long procession before their mental vision. Better still—they are constantly moved by an irresistible impulse to make Beauty and Use clasp hands. As Linnæus constructed a dial out of flowers and, by the expanding and closing of delicate blossoms, told the time of day as accurately as if it had been chronicled by the intricate machinery of a watch, so the passing hours of those who inherit this beautifying temperament are marked by the the blooming and folding of life's choicest flowers.

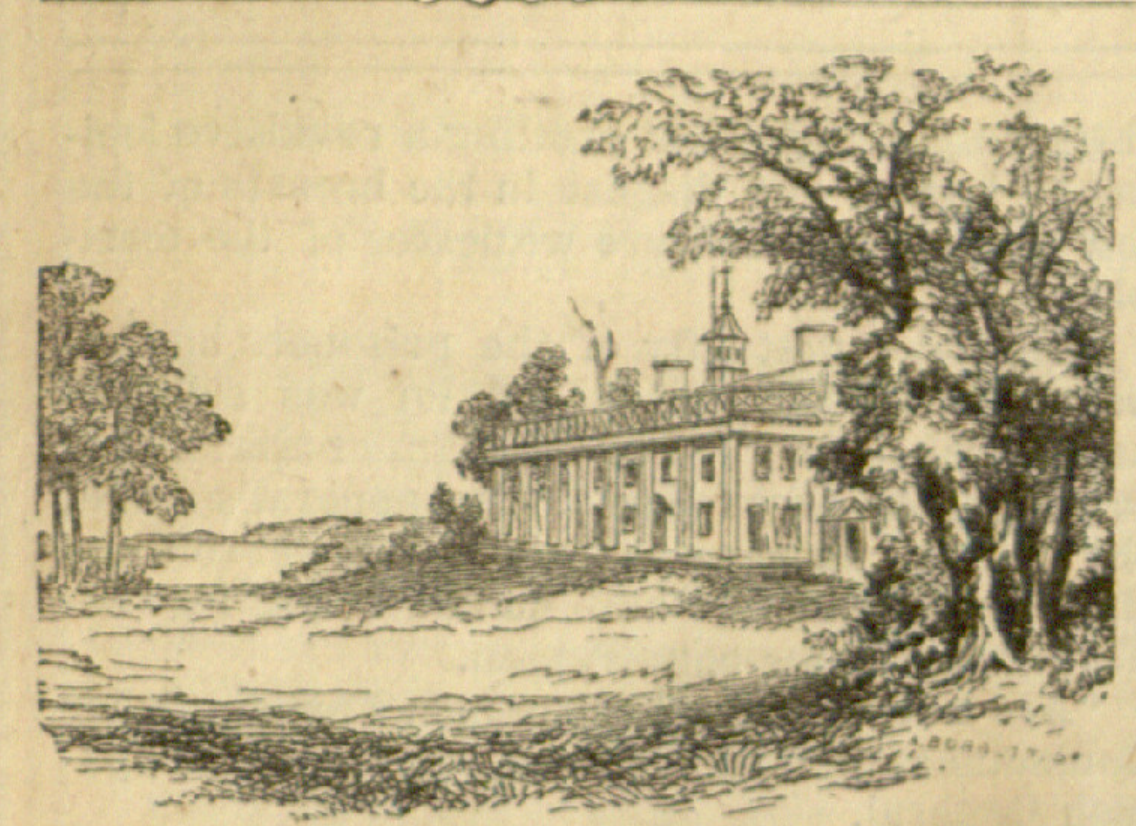
* * *

BIOGRAPHERS

Are among the most useful of men if they will attempt to display their heroes instead of themselves. The latter class remind us of a man who would travel to the tomb of Shakspeare for the purpose of writing his own name on it. *Apropos*—that was a good reply of a preacher who, on being complimented on his eloquence after the delivery of a sermon, said—"I would rather hear you say what an important subject was treated on to-day."

* * *

THE HON. THOMAS CORWIN of Ohio, has recently occasioned much pain to his friends, by busying himself in attempting to bring about the separation of a man and wife residing in Philadelphia. Some of his political enemies are ungenerous enough to wonder if the honorable gentleman will make as much out of this as it is alleged he made out of the Gardner fraud? This is an unkind cut at the "wagon boy."



MOUNT VERNON IN 1796.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Exitus Acta Probat.—*Washington's Motto.*

Number Fifteen.

ABBOTSFORD VISITED AND REVISITED.

PART II.

The family of Sir Walter Scott in 1818*—His mode of life and study—Playful names given his daughters—A visitor recognized by the print of his horse's shoe before he was seen—Gratitude more affecting than ingratitude—German studies—Jesting anecdotes at table—A walk of a mile on your own land—Natural features of Abbotsford—Departure—Personal appearance of Sir Walter—Conversation—Opinions as to the authorship of the Waverley Novels—Pecuniary embarrassments—Sad changes in the family—Visit to Abbotsford in* 1844*—Border Scenery—Otterburn, Jedborough—Remains of Dryburg Abbey—Tomb of Sir Walter Scott—Melrose Abbey—Changes at Abbotsford—The Poems and Novels of Sir Walter Scott.*

The family of Sir Walter Scott, at the time of my visit to Abbotsford in 1818, consisted of himself and Mrs. Scott, and his four children,—all he ever had—Sophia, Walter, Anne, and Charles; Sophia the oldest, at this time, not being quite nineteen years of age. Walter entered the army, afterwards married, but died childless. Charles, as was mentioned in the former paper, attached himself to the diplomatic career, and died young and unmarried; as did also Anne the youngest daughter, who at the time of my visit was in her fifteenth year. Sophia, as is well known, married Mr. Lockhart, who was introduced to the family in the summer of 1818. Their only child, a young lady of the most engaging appearance and estimable character, was just entering society at the period of my second residence in England, the image of the lovely maiden, whom I had known at Edinburgh and Abbotsford, the pride and charm of her father's house. Walter, at the time of my visit to Abbotsford, was in the Highlands, for the opening of the moors.

Mr. Lockhart's life of Scott discloses the pleasing manner in which he lived with his family. Notwithstanding his Herculean literary labors, with the addition of his official duties, (which, while he united the offices of clerk of the Court of Sessions and Sheriff of Selkirkshire, necessarily occupied much of his time), he never seemed, as I was told in the family, to be in want of leisure for the engagements and amusements of the social circle. Certainly, while I was at Abbotsford, he seemed entirely master of his time; and Sophia told me that what I saw of him was a fair specimen of his country life. He no doubt worked harder in the winter, when less exposed to interruption by visitors; and he habitually employed the early hours of the morning at his desk. We learn, from Mr. Lockhart's Biography, the prodigious facility and courage with which he composed his novels, well knowing, as he did, that he was writing them for the whole civilized world. It was not an uncommon thing with him, as he tells us himself, to write a chapter in the evening on a tour, and despatch it unread by mail, in the morning, to his publishers.

He lived in the most delightful confidence and familiarity with his children. They were, each according to age and sex, his companions and playmates. Sophia was the first person whom he admitted to his confidence, in reference to the authorship of the Waverley novels, except those who aided him in transcribing them for the press. This however he had not done at the time of my visit. He was accustomed playfully to call his oldest daughter "Miss Feuclothes," from her habit, when some little article of dress was wanted in a hurry, of *borrowing* from the wardrobe of her sister or mother, *feu* being a Scottish legal term for a rent tenure, in distinction from ownership. Anne was fonder of gay dress, and would sometimes return from her rambles in the fields, with her garments torn by jumping over the hedges. This gained her the title of "Lady Bonnierag."

On one of our walks in the fields, we noticed the print of a horse's hoof in the beaten path. Sir Walter told me that on one occasion, in walking, I think he said, with Mr. Southey, over the same path, having seen a similar print, he told Mr. Southey,—(if he was the person)—that when they got back to the house, they should find a certain individual whom he named. Mr. Southey asked 'if he was expected?' 'No.' 'Have you any business with him, which might require him to come and see you?' 'No.' 'Have you had a *second sight* of him?' 'Neither of these, and yet we shall find him;' and so the event proved, on their return home. After amusing himself with his guest's wonder, how Sir Walter, under these circumstances, at such a distance from his house, which was entirely out of sight, could know who had come there, the mystery was cleared up. Sir Walter was acquainted with the size and shape of the hoof of his visitor's horse. It made a print, different from that made by any other horse in the neighborhood.

Some poor person, as we passed along, expressed himself in terms of warm gratitude to Sir Walter, for his kind enquiries after a member of his family who was ill. When we had passed on, I made some remark on the strong and apparently sincere language of gratitude, which fell from the poor man, prompted, as I supposed, by some former and more important acts of kindness on his part. Without particularly replying to that suggestion, he said, "for my part, I am more touched with the gratitude than the ingratitude of the dependent poor. We occasionally hear complaints how thankless men are for favors bestowed upon them; but when I consider that we are all of the same flesh and blood, it grieves me more to see slight acts of kindness acknowledged with such humility and deep sense of obligation."

Being fresh from a long residence in Germany, I had much conversation with Sir Walter, about the language and literature of that country, and the men of eminence whom I had seen there; especially Gœthe. I inferred from the general character of his remarks, that he had not, of late years, pursued his German studies, with as much diligence, as in early life, though he had never wholly neglected them. He mentioned the circumstances of his translation of Bürger's Lenore, very much as they are given in Lockhart's life.

Nothing was too playful for him at table. He related with great glee, an anecdote of a lady in Edinburgh, who had a house-servant from the highlands, altogether ignorant of the little refinements of civilized life, and not entirely master of the English language. A visitor was staying at the house. At the dinner hour the servant was sent up to call the gentleman, and found him brushing his teeth, a process of the nature and objects of which the Gael had no knowledge, and of which he could only form a conception from what he witnessed. He accordingly returned to the dining-room and reported that "the gentleman would immediately come to dinner;—she was sharpening her teeth."

Another of his jesting anecdotes at table was of a gentleman, who had been passing some time with friends at a country house. At length the time for departure arrived, and Andrew, his travelling servant, was directed to pack up the portmanteaus. At the last moment, Andrew was asked by his master, whether 'he was sure that he had put up all their things.' The answer, brought out by Sir Walter with a mischievous twinkle of the eye, at the emphasized word, was "*At least*, your Honor."

As we were walking toward Melrose, and talking on the subject of exercise, as necessary to health, he said "he thought a walk of a mile before breakfast, *and if possible on one's own land*, was highly conducive to health." Such a walk he was even at that time fully able to take. His property, I think I understood, amounted then to twelve hundred acres in rather a narrow strip on the Tweed. It was, I believe, considerably increased by additional purchases. In its natural features, when Sir Walter first became possessed of it, there was not much that was attractive, except the river. It was nearly if not entirely destitute of trees, and the space between the road and the Tweed was rather too narrow and the bank too steep, either for entire convenience or beauty. The house was very near the road, and wanted that seclusion which forms so much of the charm of rural life. As far as I could judge from the appearance of Ashestiel, where Sir Walter lived before removing to Abbotsford, the former had the advantage in natural beauty. Abbotsford was, however, greatly improved by Sir Walter's plantations, and the historical and traditionary interest of the spot was to him irresistible.

But all things on earth must have an end; and those which are most agreeable seem to come to their end the soonest. The hours of my last day at Abbotsford passed but too rapidly, and I took my leave of the family late in the afternoon, with a presentiment, too fully verified, that I should never see them more. I rode one of Sir Walter's ponies to Selkirk, where I had left my baggage in the morning, and there took the mail coach to London.

Sir Walter Scott was at this time forty-seven years of age. He looked older, for his hair, though not thin, was grey approaching to white. He was tall, full six feet in height, I think rather more. He was not very stout for a person of his stature, though the frame-work was that of a large, fully-developed man. There was a certain air of heaviness in the brow, which, in moments of entire mental quiescence, seemed hardly in character for one of the most brilliant geniuses, learned antiquaries, and genial temperaments of the age. This expression, however, was wholly superficial and transient. It was a drop-curtain between the scenes. The moment the action of the mind commenced, either in conversation—whether charming the circle with the out-pourings of his own exhaustless memory or gorgeous fancy, or listening to others, which he did with a courtesy and earnestness that marked a mind ever on the watch for some accession of ideas, or in reading a favorite author to a sympathizing audience—the veil was lifted, the expression of heaviness vanished, and energetic thought rayed out from every feature. His frame was cast by nature in an athletic mould; but in consequence of early disease the right leg was a little shorter than the left. It served him, however, with the aid of a cane to walk upon, and he could hardly be said to limp.

Though a Scotsman born and bred, to say that the author of the "Lady of the Lake" and "Ivanhoe" was a perfect master of the English language, in its utmost refinement and delicacy, would be a work of ridiculous supererogation. But for conversation, like many, perhaps most, of his countrymen, he had two dialects. In his family, and still more with those in a subordinate station, and persons at work about the house and the grounds, he spoke with a Scottish accent, and made use of words peculiar to the lowland Scottish dialect. In general conversation, these characteristics were scarely perceptible. One Scottish word, however, he frequently used, in all the varieties of company in which I saw him, either at Edinburgh or in the country; namely, "I mind" for "I remember."

In 1818, the secret of the authorship of the novels, if secret it could be called, had not been disclosed. Most persons believed him to be the author; I had never doubted it, from the appearance of the Antiquary. Some persons however doubted it; some ascribed them, on the most shadowy of foundations, to a brother of Sir Walter, Mr. Thomas Scott, a paymaster in the British army, stationed in Quebec; and others spoke of a certain mythical Dr. Greenfield, if I recollect the name,—whose pretentions to the authorship of these magnificent productions were maintained in some of the third rate literary journals of the day. The late Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, though a critical English scholar, was at one time inclined to adopt this wild notion. Long before the secret was formally disclosed, few persons of discernment or taste, in England or America, entertained a doubt on the subject.

With the announcement of the secret, and I believe some time before, commenced the pecuniary embarrassments of Sir Walter and the convulsive struggles to emerge from them, which embittered the last years of this noble life, and finally brought down his grey hairs in sorrow to a premature grave. The life of Napoleon,—a work to make the reputation of an ordinary pen,—was the first symptom of the stern necessity of writing for money. There is no period of his life at which he inspires a more affectionate, a more reverent interest, than during the last sad laborious years, when he wrote under the incubus of pecuniary distress. It is an interest that quenches criticism, and extinguishes pity and sorrow, in admiration and gratitude.

Such as I have described them were Sir Walter Scott and his family in 1818. At the time of my second residence in England, (1841—45,) parents and children,—the light of the Age, the joy and beauty of the domestic circle,—all had passed away. Sophia alone survived in her child, the only grand-child of Sir Walter Scott, then just entering upon society, which she was destined to adorn but for a brief season. Unusually shrinking and timid for a well-bred English maiden, she was an object of peculiar interest with all who knew her, as the sole descendant and representative of Sir Walter Scott.

Toward the close of August, 1844, I took advantage of the general pause in political and social life, which takes place in London at that season, to make a short tour to the North. Leaving New-Castle on the morning of the 29th of August, we soon entered the region of the moors; a high, undulating country, destitute of trees, but covered with bracken and heather still in bloom, and tinting the sloping surfaces, under a favorable light, with that exquisite purple, which almost makes up for the want of woodlands in a Scottish landscape. About Otterburn, which tells you in its name that you have entered the jurisdiction of Scott's muse, plantations and farms begin. We passed through Jedborough in the afternoon. On the left, as you enter the town, are the ruins of the Abbey, in the aisle of which Thomson went to school. Passing Ancrum moor, a bridge crosses the Teviot, where "English blood swelled Ancrum ford." The remains of Dryburgh Abbey form a fitting preparation for a visit to Abbotsford. The bridge built by the Earl of Buchan over the Tweed was carried away a few years before, and we crossed the river, as clear as glass, in a boat. The evening was calm, and the sun was just sinking behind the middle peak of the Eildon hills, whose sharp outline formed an indescribably graceful background. An air of desolate seclusion hangs over the remains of the Abbey. Of great beauty in themselves, they were sadly disfigured by some attempts at restoration. Scott's place of rest (St. Mary's aisle) had at that time a forlorn look. There was nothing in the way of a monument to designate or adorn it; not even a slab to protect it.

We had fortunately engaged rooms in advance at the only decent inn at Melrose, and after supping, went out at nine o'clock to see the Abbey. The moon was at the full—a harvest moon; it was impossible to see the venerable ruins to greater advantage. How many years, what varied scenes had filled the interval since my former visit! A venerable female cicerone performed her duty with no little propriety, reciting the appropriate passages from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," with a good English cadence. The churchyard was cold and damp, and we soon took refuge in the interior. The broken fragments which I had noticed at my former visit seemed to have been somewhat cleared away. Time had evidently been gently carrying on the work begun by violence in the border wars, and accelerated, I believe, by the stern iconoclasm of the Reformation. The ancient Abbey has, however, at some subsequent period, been partially covered in, and used for Protestant worship.

The next day we visited Abbotsford; where changes of every kind had taken place in twenty six years, since my former visit. The plantations had been greatly extended even during Sir Walter's life time; the hall, the armory, and the library were unfinished, and but partly furnished, when I saw them before. But the saddest change was the absence of those,—the venerated, the joyous, the lovely,—who filled the dwelling with light and happiness. The desolate apartments were kept in perfect order; the innumerable objects of taste, and of antiquarian and historical interest contained in them, admirably preserved and arranged, but I could contemplate them only with feelings of overwhelming sadness.

The rising generation of readers do not know what we enjoyed, what they can never enjoy with the zest of a fresh appearance and contemporary perusal, in the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott. The "Lay of the last Minstrel" was the first of his works, which attracted general notice on this side of the Atlantic, about the year 1806. It rose at once to an unexampled popularity. It was probably the first English poetry, which was as extensively read and relished, at the time of its appearance, on this side of the Atlantic as at home. "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake" followed with sustained, perhaps augmented, reputation, "Rokeby" and the "Lord of the Isles" with some abatement of popularity,—all within about six years. The reader who takes up the series of Scott's poems, now-a-days, and goes through them as one of the volumes of the British classics, can form but a faint conception of the eagerness, with which they were welcomed as they came successively fresh from the Press. Overshadowed by the immense favor, with which Childe Harolde and the other works of Byron were received, Scott retired almost wholly from the field of Poetry, and soon commenced the still more wonderfully successful series of his novels. A strict incognito was at first observed, and a degree of mystery was for several years kept up; but the authorship of the novels gradually, and with many readers speedily, ceased to be a matter of serious question. There were many strong grounds for ascribing them to Sir Walter,—the choice of localities and topics, when the scene was laid in Scotland;—the peculiar tone of the nationality; many striking coincidences with his avowed works,—and, on any other supposition, the strange and persistent inactivity of his pen, in the face of daily increasing external evidence of profitable authorship. There was just doubt enough to add the element of curiosity to the eager interest, with which each delightful work in the series was successively received. That charm is broken, and new and not undeserving favorites in the department of Fiction solicit the public attention. The taste of the reading world is cloyed with the excess of this fascinating diet; and the delight, with which a new "Waverley Novel" was welcomed, is buried in the grave of their illustrious author.

New York, 11 *March*, 1859.

◆

MY IDEA OF A MAN.

Why do people decry a masculine blush? I don't know. I immediately love the man who blushes. I am sure that he is unhackneyed; that he has not a set of meaningless, cut and dried compliments on hand for every bonnet he meets; that he has not learned to sniff at the Bible, or the Sabbath, or prate transcendentally about "affinities," or any other corruption under a new-fangled name. I know that his love will be worth a pure woman's having; that he will not be ashamed of liking home, or his baby, or laughed out of staying in it in preference to any other place. I know that when he stops at a hotel, his *first* business will not be to hold a private conference with the cook to tell him how he likes an omelette made. I know that in his conversation he will not pride himself upon the small fopperies of talk, in the way of pronunciation and newly-coined words, to show how well he is posted up in dictionary matters. I know that he will not be closeted two-thirds of his time with his tailor; or think it fine to be continually quoting some dead-and-gone book, known only to some resurrectionist of scarce authors. I know he will not sit in grim-starched statuesque-ness in a car, when a woman old enough to be his mother, is standing wearily in front of him, swaying to and fro with the motion of the vehicle. In short, I know that he is not a petrifaction; that there's human nature in him, *and plenty of it*; that he is not like an animal under an exhausted receiver, having form only—in whom there is no spring, nor elasticity, nor breath of life.

A fool, hey? No, sir—not necessarily a fool either. *The fool is he who, not yet at life's meridian, has exhausted it and himself*; who thinks every man "green" who has not taken his diploma in wickedness. For whom existence is as weary as a thrice-told tale. Who has crowded four-score years into twenty, or less; and has nothing left for it but to sneer at the healthy, simple, pure, fresh joys which may never come again to his vitiated palate.

FANNY FERN.

◆

Be Careful.—Be careful how you charge another with weakness or inconsistency; he may be governed by motives beyond your apprehension; it is the final result that stamps our conduct with wisdom or folly.

◆

When certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters it is that they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.

◆

If some persons were to bestow one half of their fortune in learning how to spend the other half, it would be money extremely well laid out.

THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;

OR,

VALDIMIR THE MONK.

A TALE OF

THE EMPIRE UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ASTOUNDING AFFAIR.

Half an hour had the gunmaker sat by the side of the sick man's bed, when he was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the gentle opening of the door. He turned and beheld a human form emerging from the narrow, dark entry way. As it came into the room the watcher started, for he beheld the hump-backed priest, Savotano.

"Who is here?" the arch fiend whispered, shading his eyes, and trying to peer into the gloom.

"——sh!" whispered Ruric. "The Count is asleep."

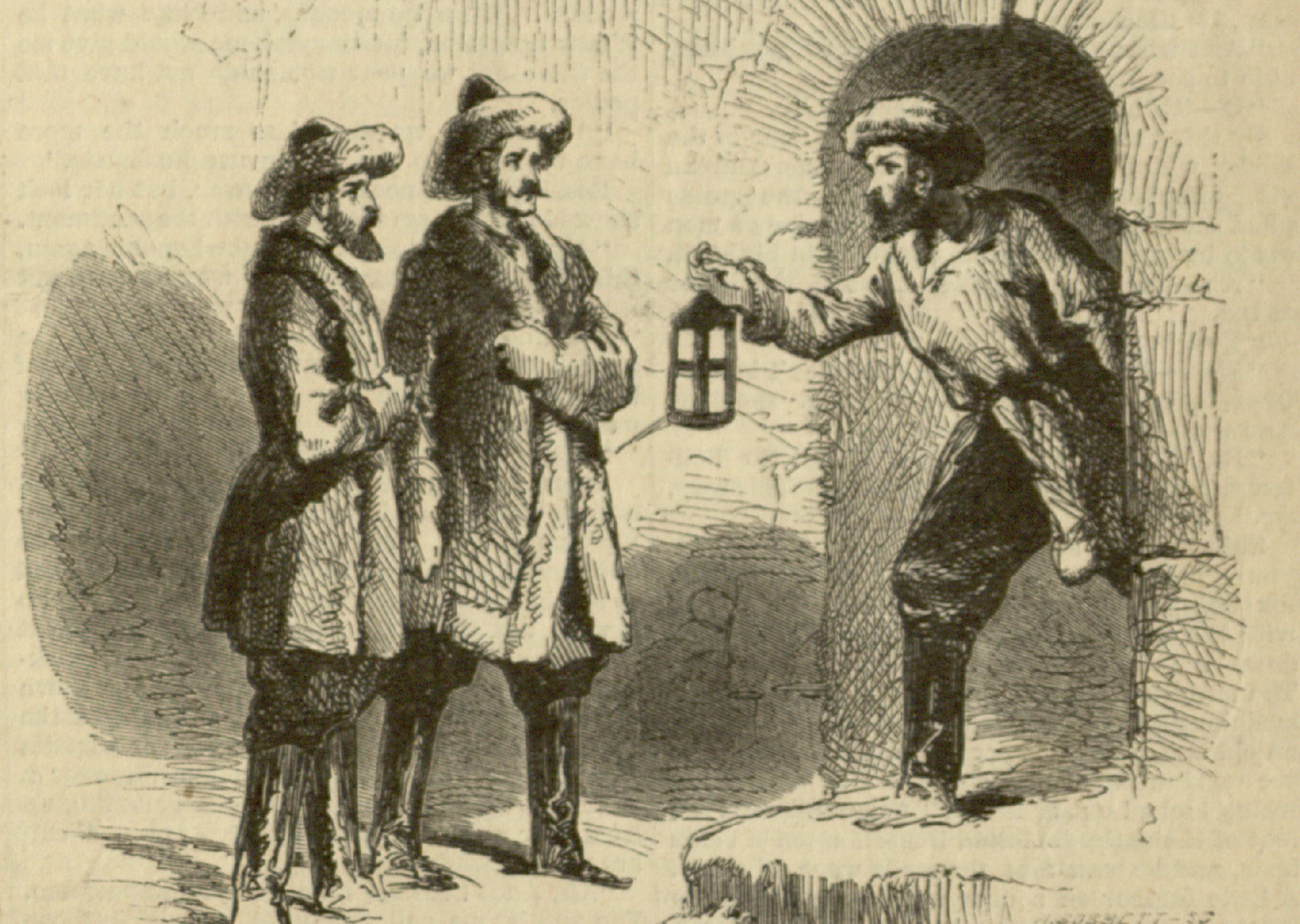
By this time our hero had so far overcome the first emotion caused by the villain's entrance that he could be calm.

"And who is this?" the priest whispered, moving nearer to the bed. "Ha! The gunmaker!"

"Yes," replied the youth, watching every look and movement of the fellow most closely.

"You are in a strange place, I should say," Savotano whispered, not looking the young man directly in the face, but casting upon him a sidelong glance, as though he dared not look direct.

"Speak not too loud, sir priest," said our hero, determined to enter into no conversation with the man if he could avoid it. "Do not awaken the Count, for he is very faint and weak."



And then Ruric had another reason. He feared, if Damonoff should awake, that the strange discovery they had made might be revealed; and of course he wished not that the villain should yet know how well he was understood.

"But why are you here?" pursued Savotano, who seemed determined to know. "I am this poor man's spiritual comforter, and I surely have a right to know wherefore is the presence of one bearing the peculiar relations towards him which are sustained by you."

Ruric's first impulse was one of disgust and wrath, but he managed to keep it to himself.

"Sir priest," he returned, moving his chair noiselessly nearer to the visitor, so that his whisper might not disturb the sleeper, "I heard that the Count was dying, and I would not have him die without first forgiving me for all that I had done."

"And has he done it?"

"He has."

"And why do you remain here? Where is his attendant?"

"She is out somewhere. The Count has had a strange fit—a startling spasm—and I feared if he had another the woman could not manage him alone."

"Ah," uttered Savotano. "A spasm!"

"Yes——a most strange one—as though something were at his heart—as though his brain were on fire, and his whole system shaking."

The priest turned his head away, but Ruric saw plainly the exultant look which rested there. There was no mistaking any more. That one look—for Ruric saw it—was proof enough.

"Well, well," the misshapen villain said, "I will call again when he is awake. I would not have him die, and I not by him."

Thus speaking Savotano arose and moved towards the door. His step was eager, and his every look betrayed some anxious purpose. He stopped as he reached the door and looked back, but he did not speak. Ruric was afraid he might go to the side-board to look at the medicine, but he did not. He simply cast one more glance at the watcher, and then left the room.

In half an hour more the surgeon returned. His face wore a clear, emphatic expression, and his movements were all quick and prompt, as though each one was for the purpose of announcing some self-evident decision.

"Well," he said, with a quickly drawn breath, "we have put the medicines to a test." And then he leaned back and looked into Ruric's face.

"And what did you find?" the young man asked.

"Just what we had expected. We have detected arsenic in three of the medicines which the Count had to take; but this poison is not alone. There is much opium in the wine, even so that we could smell it when our suspicions guided us. The poison has been most adroitly fixed. The priest must have one of those recipes which have been used by scientfic poisoners, for no physician in Moscow could have concocted the deadly potion."

"But wherein was it so wondrously peculiar?" asked Ruric, with interist.

"Why—in this: Arsenic was the principal poisoning agent, but that alone would produce symptoms which any physician would know at once. In this case there was something present which overcame all the outward signs of the poison, and only let it eat upon the vitals. I know not the secret, though I know there is such an one. Had it not been for your fortunate suspicions the Count would have died, and we should have supposed he only died from the effects of the wound. The poison was working silently, and surely—without pain, and without outward sign different from the usual sinking of the worn and fainting body. But I have hopes now. The villain must not know that we have discovered him. We will let the thing run for the present."

Kopani was not a little suprised when he found that the priest had been there during his absence, but before he could make any further remark the Count awoke. He felt very faint, but that strange sickness at the stomach was lessened. The surgeon prepared some suitable diluents, and having called in the woman he gave directions that they should be given in large quantities; and also directed her to prepare some strong barley water for the patient to drink as he wanted beverage.

All the phials were replaced upon the side-board, and then refilled with liquids somewhat like those they had before contained: but the nurse was directed not to use them. Everything that her patient was to take she was to keep under her own charge in the kitchen; and she was also most particularly cautioned against allowing the priest to gain anything from her. But Kopani meant to be sure on that score. He had a little business to transact, and then he was coming back to spend the night himself by the Count's side. He meant, at all events, that the poisoner should have no more opportunity to exercise his diabolical science upon the sick nobleman. He promised the Count that he should have safe and competent watchers thereafter.

It was fairly dark now, as Ruric could see by raising the curtain and looking out. He had no idea it was so late. Time had passed without his notice. He moved to the side of the bed and took the invalid's hand.

"I must go now," he said, "but if you are willing, I will come again——"

"You will come," cried Conrad, in reply, returning the grasp of the hand with all his feeble power. "Oh! you must come often now. I hope I shall live. Perhaps I shall. If I do, I shall owe that life to you. And God knows—for the feeling is even now firm in my soul—that I shall always remember how you saved me,—and I will never think, never, of the sad blow you struck me.—Come—come to me when you can, for now—now—as God lives I speak the truth—now I love you!"

"God bless and keep you," murmured Ruric, in a husky, tremulous voice; and with these words, coming from the very depths of his soul, he turned away and left the room. He heard the voice of the Count as he moved the door open, and thanked God that 'twas a blessing which fell upon his ears.

Ah, those who know not what true forgiveness is, know not the holiest emotion of earth!

Ruric had left his sledge at a neighboring inn, and as soon as he gained the street he bent his steps that way. He had gone half the distance from the residence of the Count to the inn, and was just upon the point of crossing the street, when he heard his name pronounced by some one behind him. He stopped and looked around, and saw a man approaching him.

It was too dark to distinguish faces plainly, even at a usual conversational distance; yet Ruric was not long in concluding that the man who had thus hailed him was a stranger. He was a medium sized man, and so closely enveloped in his bonnet and pelisse that his form and features would have been hidden even had it been lighter than it was.

"Did you speak to me?" asked the youth, as the man came up.

"Yes, sir. Is your name Ruric Nevel?"

"It is."

"Then you are wanted a few moments at the residence of a lieutenant named Orsa."

"Alaric Orsa?" asked Ruric.

"The same."

"But he does not live here in the Kremlin."

"He is here now, at any rate, and would see you."

"But you said he was at his residence," suggested our hero, who was fearful that some evil might be meant for him.

"I know nothing to the contrary, sir," the stranger returned, promptly. "All I can say is—Alaric Orsa has fallen upon the ice, and hurt himself severely, and upon being informed that you were near by with a sledge, he asked that you might be sent for."

"Hurt himself, has he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Badly?"

"I believe no bones are broken, but he is so badly sprained that he cannot walk."

"Ah—then perhaps he wants me to carry him home."

"I can't say as to that, sir. They only sent me to find you. I don't know the man myself."

There was something so frank in the statement thus made that Ruric believed it all honest, and he stood no longer in doubt.

"I will go," he said; "but lead the way quickly, for I have no time to waste."

"I will lead as fast as you will want to follow," answered the man.

And thus speaking he turned back, and having gone some dozen rods by the way they had both come, he turned down a narrow street which led towards the river. Half way down this he went, and then he turned again—this time to the left—and thus Ruric found himself in a narrow, dark lane, within which the snow was deep and almost untrodden.

"Look ye," cried the youth, stopping as he found himself over knees in snow, "I think we have gone about far enough in this direction."

"This is the shortest way," said the stranger guide, apologetically. "I did not think the snow was so deep here. But it's only in the next street."

"Then on you go."

Again the stranger started, and Ruric followed. The lane was a crooked one, and more than once the youth had another inclination to stop.—He had no direct fear, but yet he had some just grounds for doubt. Had he not seen what had been attempted against the Count, he might have had no such doubts now; but as it was, he thought that if one attempt had been made to ruin him through the Emperor's displeasure by the man who was now trying to murder the Count, it would not be at all improbable that some more effective plan should be adopted towards him. He was pondering thus when they came to a cross lane, full as narrow as the one they had been traversing, into which the guide turned.

"Look ye once more, sirrah," cried the youth, now stopping short. "Do you call this a street?"

"Yes, sir; and on this street we shall find the man we seek. It is only a short cut from where he is to the inn where your horse is; so you won't have to retrace these dubious ways. Only a little further, sir."

"But I don't like this."

"Why—bless you, sir; if you wish to go direct to the inn where your horse is, this will be the nearest way."

"Well—on you go."

And on they went again—now slipping on the ice—now in the snow to their knees—and anon stumbling along over frozen hubbles and deep holes. At length the guide stopped and opened a small gate which was fixed in a high, thick brick wall. Ruric hesitated here again. He had no weapon of any kind. If he had had even a pistol, or a sword, he would have cared not. But he did not show his thoughts to his guide. The gate opened with a creak upon its frosty hinges, and by the dim star-light the youth could see an open court beyond, and further still, a house of some kind loomed up.

"This place seems not to be used much," remarked Ruric, as he saw the snow in the court was trodden but little—only one or two tracks being visible from the gate to the house."

"Ah—yes—you said—what?"

"I said this place didn't seem to be used much," the youth repeated, though he was sure the fellow heard the first time.

"Ah, yes—a—the usual entrance is the other way, by the sledge path."

"And where is that?" Ruric asked, not being able to see any such path.

"O—it's around on the other side."

By this time they had reached the door of the house, which our hero could now see had an old, dilapidated appearance, and the guide plied the iron knocker wit hzeal. Ere long a man made his appearance with a lantern in his hand.

"Ah—has the gunmaker come?" the latter asked.

"Yes," returned the guide.

"Well—I'm glad he's here, but I don't believe Orsa is fit to move," said the first speaker. And then turning to Ruric he said,—

"But I'm glad you've come, sir, for the lieutenant wishes to see you very much. This way, sir."

This was all so frank and prompt that the young man began to think he had been a fool for being frightened. He followed the man with the lantern into the hall, and from thence down a long flight of stairs into a basement. The lantern did not give much light, but it was sufficient to reveal the fact that the house was an old one, and not very large, for Ruric could see windows upon the opposite side of the hall which looked out of doors. As he reached the foot of the stairs he found himself upon a brick floor, and he saw that the walls were of stone. A little further on a door was opened, and this led to a small apartment within which was a fire-place, and a good fire burning.

"There, good sir," said the second guide, "if you will wait a few moments I will go and see how the lieutenant is."

As soon as Ruric was left alone he looked about him. The room was of moderate size for a small house, and the idea of inhabiting the cellars was a common one in Moscow in the winter season. The windows, two in number, were closed up to the ceiling, and very small, and were patched with pieces of board in two or three places. Ere long the man came back, and with him came three others, one of whom the youth recognized as the individual who had conducted him to the house.

"Orsa will see you, sir," said he with the lantern.

Ruric arose to follow him, the other three men approaching the fire as though they would remain there. He had reached the door and passed through into the room beyond, when he thought he heard footsteps behind him. It was a sliding, shuffling sound, and he turned his head to see what it was. As he did so he received a blow which staggered him, and which would have felled an ordinary man to the floor. He gathered himself quickly up, but before he could fairly turn about he received a second blow, heavier than the first, which brought him upon his knees. In an instant all four of the men were upon him, and he could see that they had ropes in their hands with which to bind him. With all his might he threw the fellow who held his right hand back against the wall, and another he sent in an opposite diriection, and in a moment more he would have been upon his feet; but just at that instant a noose was adroitly slipped over his head, and as the rope tightened about his neck he was drawn back upon the brick floor again.

"Now resist any more, and we'll choke you as sure as fate," cried the man who had held the lantern, and who now had a hold upon the rope.

"Oh!" groaned Ruric, while the massive cords worked like cables in his arms and shoulders, "give me a fair chance. Let me be up and free—then lock your doors, if you please."

"No, no, good sir," replied the ruffian, with a wicked smile. "We know your power, and we are not disposed to test it further. We have had trouble enough already. Shall we——"

The man stopped speaking, for at that moment another noose was slipped down over Ruric's head, and ere he could avoid it, it had been drawn tightly about his arms. He was now at the mercy of his captors, and having rolled him over upon his breast, they proceeded to secure his arms behind him, which being done, they bade him to arise. Of course he could have no desire to lie there upon the cold bricks, and he got upon his feet as well as he could.

"Now, Ruric Nevel, I will conduct you to your own apartment," said the leader of the gang.

"But wherefore is this?" the gunmaker gasped, rendered almost speechless with the mingled emotions of surprise and anger. "Why have you done this? Whose hirelings are you, that you thus waylay and seize upon an honest man, who has done no harm to any of you?"

"Never mind that now, sir," the ruffian coolly answered; "suffice it for you to know that you are safe for the present."

"But will you not tell me what this is for? There is some intent."

"Yes—and come with me and you shall see. Come."

Thus speaking the man turned once more, and having picked up his lantern he moved on, while the others, taking Ruric by the arms, followed after. The prisoner made no resistance now, for he knew that it would be useless. At a short distance another flight of stairs was reached.

"Down here?" cried Ruric, with a shudder.

"Of course. You'd freeze up here."

These words struck harshly upon the youth's soul, for they meant that he was to be detained in this lonesome place.

At the bottom of these stairs they came to a vaulted passage, at the end of which was a door. This was opened, and Ruric was led through into the place beyond. He cast his eyes quickly about, and he found himself in a narrow apartment, the walls and floor of which were of stone, and the roof of brick, the latter being arched. In one corner was a couch, and upon it were some old skins.

And here the youth was to be left. His guide simply pointed to the low couch, and then turned away. Ruric asked a question, but it was not answered. In a few moments more the heavy door was closed upon him, and he was in total darkness. He sought the couch, and with a deep groan he sank down!

CHAPTER XII.

A CONFERENCE, AND HOW IT WAS INTERRUPTED.

Rosalind Valdai and Zenobie were together in their sitting-room, and the former had been weeping. She looked paler than when we saw her before, and her brow was heavy. Smiles no longer crept about the dimples of her cheeks, and her eyes had a sad, mournful look. Her face plainly showed that she had suffered much.

"My dear mistress," urged the faithful Zenobie, throwing her arms about Rosalind's neck, and drawing her head upon her bosom, "weep no more. Oh! there must be some hope.

"My mistress, are you sure the Duke will persist in this?"

"Aye, Zenobie; I know he will," Rosalind answered, while the old shudder came back to her frame, and the old grief to her soul.

"And have you no hope?"

"Only one—in Ruric. He may help me."

"Oh, I hope he can. He is a noble man."

Rosalind answered with a look of gratitude, and Zenobie proceeded,—

"Where is the titled lord more noble than he? Oh, were I to choose a husband now, and he was free, and I were in your position, I'd choose Ruric Nevel before all the emperors of earth."

"So would I," murmured the fair maiden.

"If I were a countess, as you are, oh, how I should love to make such a man a count."

"But my marrying him would not make him a count. Were he a count, and I like what he is now in station, his marying me would give me the title; but we poor women do not have that power."

"Well—then we should so much the more have the right to choose our own husbands."

Rosalind made no verbal answer, but her look showed that she sympathised with the sentiment.

"My mistress," at length spoke Zenobie again, this time in a low whisper,—"why may we not leave this place?"

Rosalind started as though she had heard the speech of a spirit, and for a moment a look of hope gleamed upon her face; but it quickly passed away.

"Alas! where should we go!"

This was a part of the plan which Zenobie had not thought of; and ere she could make any reply one of the female domestics entered the apartment, and announced that a woman wished to see her young mistress. Rosalind asked who it was, but the girl could only tell her that it was a middle-aged woman, and very good-looking. The young countess bade Zenobie go down and conduct her up. Ere long afterwards the attendant returned, and with her came Claudia Nevel. Rosalind had not seen her for over a year, but she knew her at once, and starting up from her seat she bounded forward and embraced her warmly.

"Ah, Aunt Claudia, I am glad you have come. You will let me call you aunt, as I did in those happy times long gone by."

"Aye, sweet Rosalind," returned the widow, imprinting a warm kiss upon the fair white brow.

The countess noticed the strange sadness of Madame Nevel's tone, and then, for the first time, also, she noticed the sadness of her look.

"Aunt Claudia, you look sad," she said, while a chill dread struck to her own heart.

"Aye," the widow uttered, as though she were afraid to venture the question she wished to ask. "I have been very sad, because I have had a terrible fear. Has—has—not Ruric been here?"

"When?" uttered the maiden, catching the whole fear now.

"Within these three days?"

"Just then. Day before yesterday he was here—in the forenoon."

"And I have not seen him since!" the poor woman groaned.

"Not seen him?—Ruric gone? Oh! where, where?"

"He said he was going to see the Count Damonoff when he left here," interposed Zenobie, who joined in the grief.

"Aye—so he told me," returned the mother. "I have been there, and they have not seen him since that evening. The surgeon who attends the Count went out to the inn where Ruric put up his horse, and the animal was still there, his owner having not called there for him."

"Oh! God have mercy!" ejaculated the young countess, in a paroxysm of grief.

At this moment there came a rap upon the door, and Zenobie went to answer the summons. It was the black monk, Valdimir, who thus demanded admittance. At any other time both Rosalind and Claudia might have been startled by the strange visit, but now they instinctively hailed his coming as a source of hope.

"Ladies," spoke the fat monk, approaching the spot where they stood, and bowing very low, "you will pardon this unseemly method of gaining admission here, but I had no other choice, for I feared the Duke would refuse me did I apply to him. I have come to learn, if possible, where Ruric Nevel may be."

The widow tried to answer, but instead of speaking she burst into tears. Rosalind struggled a moment with the deep emotions that stirred within her, and then she, too, fell to weeping. Zenobie was obliged to answer.

"Good father," she said, "we are all seeking the same knowledge. His poor mother has come here to try if she might find some clue to the noble youth; and thus did my mistress gain the first intelligence that he was gone. Pray, good sir, do you know anything about him? What have you heard?"

Both Claudia and the young countess now raised their heads, for they would hear what reply the monk could make.

"I only know that he is missing," Valdimir replied. "A little while ago I called upon the sick Count, and there I learned that Ruric Nevel had mysteriously disappeared. And I learned, also, of the noble purpose for which he visited the Count."

"Aye," interposed Claudia, with sudden energy, "he went to try and gain the Count's forgiveness. I don't think they spoke falsely there. I don't think any there would wish him harm from any lingering revenge."

"No, no," returned the monk; "his mission thither was most nobly fulfilled. So far from cherishing any spirit of revenge is the Count, that he will ever bear for Ruric the holiest gratitude of his soul."

"Do you think so?" the widow asked, hopefully.

"I know it," was the monk's assured reply. "But," he continued, relapsing into perplexity, "I cannot imagine what has become of him. But hold—My dear child, is there not a humpbacked, ungainly priest who sometimes visits your guardian?"

This was addressed to Rosalind, and a fearful tremor shook her frame as she heard it, for its import was at once apparent.

"Do you suspect——" She had started forward and grasped the monk's arm, as she thus commenced, but she could not continue. The thought she would have uttered was terrible.

"Go on," whispered Valdimir, bending his head low down so as to catch her very thoughts if they left her lips. "What would you say?"

"Oh! I ought not— And yet I know his soul is capable even of that." Thus much the fair countess murmured to herself; and then she gazed up and spoke to the strange man before her:

"Do you suspect my guardian?"

"Do *you* suspect him?" the monk returned.

"Oh! I know not what to think."

"But listen," resumed Valdimir, earnestly. "I would know all that you know, and then perhaps I can assist you. Fear not, for as true as God lives I mean to save Ruric if I can; and if I can but gain a clue to him now, I can surely save you both. Trust me, for I possess a wondrous power for the good of those who trust me. Now what end could the Duke have in view in wishing for Ruric's removal. I know what he had in view in concocting the duel: It was the death of Damanoff, and the undivided possession of Drotzen. Now answer me. What does he aim at now?"

In spite of all doubts Rosalind found herself trusting the monk. There was an air of conscious truth and power in his look and tone that won upon her.

"Good father," she returned, after a few moments' thought, "the Duke has sworn by a most fearful oath that he will have me for his wife!"

"Ha!" cried the monk, starting back a pace and clenching his hands. "Does he mean that?"

"Oh! most truly he does," the young Countess replied; and she spoke more firmly now, for there was something in the sudden energy of the monk's exclamation that gave her hope.

"Then he wants your estates, too. By my soul, he is aiming for wealth with a high hand. And do you suppose he fears Ruric Nevel in connexion with this scheme?"

"Yes, father.—I will speak plainly, for I trust you. I do not think you would betray one who never harmed you."

"Let the end of these things tell you that. But now finish what you had begun—about your thoughts of the Duke."

"He knows, holy father, that I love Ruric, and he knows too, that Ruric loves me. May he not, under such circumstances, fear that the noble youth will try to thwart him?"

"Very likely," returned Valdimir, thoughtfully. "I will profit by this, and I am much mistaken if you do not also profit by it. I have those in Moscow who will work for me. I cannot, of course, directly assure you of salvation, for Ruric may never be found!"

A quick groan escaped from Claudia's lips as the monk thus spoke; but before Rosalind could speak the door of the apartment was opened, and the Duke of Tula strode in! He stopped as he came nigh to where the company stood, and his eyes flashed, and his frame trembled with passion.

"How now?" he cried, as soon as he could command speech. "What means this gathering here in my own palace? Meddling monk, how dare you drag your detestable form hither? Out, reptile! Out! And let me catch you here again and my dogs shall tear you up as they do carrion!"

Without a word the monk turned away. His face was pale as death, and his hands were clenched till the fingers' ends seemed to settle themselves into the palms.

"Remember," the Duke exclaimed, as Valdimir reached the door, "if you dare to cross my door-stool again——"

"Hold!" gasped the monk, in a hoarse, startling tone. "Offer no more threats. But mark me, proud Duke.—You shall see the day on which you'll wish God had made you a dog ere he gave you speech to arouse the just vengeance of Valdimir!"

And thus speaking the black monk disappeared. Olga started to pursue him, but he did not follow out the impulse. Ere he reached the door he stopped and turned back.

"And you, woman—who art thou?" he exclaimed, turning an angry look upon Claudia.

"I am a mourning mother in search of her lost son," the woman sadly replied.

"Ha! I see the likeness now. You are the woman Nevel—mother of the young villain who bears that name! Leave my palace at once; and don't you dare to enter it again!"

The poor woman tried to speak, but she could not. With a deep sob she turned away, and slowly walked from the room.

"Now," resumed the Duke, turning towards Rosalind, "what means this secret council?"

"My lord," returned the Countess, struggling hard to overcome her powerful emotions, "they were here—to—to——"

But she could not finish the sentence. Her soul was too deeply moved. She only gave the foul wretch one look of horror and disgust, and then covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud.

If the bad man had anything farther to say, he reserved it for some future time.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

I HAVE LIVED UPON THY SMILE, BELOVED.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I have lived upon thy smile, beloved,
And knew that thou wert mine;
When first I press'd thy trembling hand,
And my lips clung to thine;
And now I care not what my lot,
In this wide world may be;
For I can gaze upon thy face,
And live for love and thee.

I have lived upon thy smile, beloved,
For many a long, long year;—
And though oft absent from thy side,
In Memory thou wert near;—
And though afar in distant lands,
It was my fate to roam;
Thou wert the star that bade me think
Of love, and thee, and home.

Though I have roamed the trackless deep,
And wandered through the earth;
I still have seen no sunnier land
Than that which gave me birth;
Where blooms the fairest, gentlest rose,
That e'er to man was given;
It is mine own—to love and bless,
To guide my path to heaven.

FEMALE FORTITUDE.

However much a woman may detest her husband, the grievance is too irremediable for her to find any comfort in talking about it; there is never any consolation in complaining of great troubles—silence and forgetfulness are the only anodynes. Women have generally a Spartan fortitude in the matter of husbands; if they have made an unblessed choice, it is a secret they instinctively conceal from the world, cloaking their sufferings under every other imaginable pretence. They apparently feel that to blame their husbands is to blame themselves at second-hand.

TO YOUNG MEN.

Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the good name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they called friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions, and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character. And remember that without God's blessing you cannot truly prosper. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths.

* * *

If you would pass for a culprit, all that's necessary is to look like one. In the opinion of most Jurors, the man that hangs his head deserves hanging. "Carry up," therefore.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

War is always a great evil, even when conducted upon the comparatively humane principle of a fair protection and exchange of prisoners; but when this principle is set aside, or disregarded, as it sometimes is, even by rulers claiming to be Christianized as well as civilized, it sinks to the level of wholesale butchery and murder; and those in authority are as much guilty of the latter crime as the vilest felon that ends his career on the scaffold.

The war of revolution in South America, carried on between the natives of the country and their Spanish masters, the minions and tools of the crafty and vindictive Ferdinand VII., was one of the most remorseless and sanguinary on record. All principles of humanity were set aside by the ferocious butchers in authority, till at length, *guerra a la muerte*, (death and extermination,) became the fearful war-cry of each half-frenzied faction. Savages might have had some feelings of mercy and spared some of their victims; but the minions of a tyrant had none; and men, women, and children, old and young, when taken prisoners, were alike decreed to death, and slaughtered in masses, and their bodies either thrown into a common pit, or their bones left to bleach in the open air.

At the head of the Royalist forces was General Morales, as savage and blood-thirsty a wretch as ever existed; and opposed to him, as chief of the Patriots, was General Bolivar, the subsequent founder of the five Republics of Venezuela, New Granada, Peru, Bolivia and Equador. Bolivar, being naturally a humane and magnanimous hero, endeavored to establish an exchange of prisoners; but Morales would accede to nothing having one principle of humanity for the basis, and the Patriot chief was thus forced into acts of retaliation which his very soul abhorred.

On one occasion, some five-and-twenty Patriots having been taken by the Royalists, among whom were three or four officers of high rank—and the Patriots having at that time in their possession a still larger number of prisoners—Bolivar dispatched to Morales three venerable and worthy friars of the Capuchin Order, thinking it possible under the circumstances for them to negotiate for a proper exchange.

But no sooner had these messengers of peace appeared before the bloody fiend Morales, than he ordered them to be seized and hurried away to execution, along with the prisoners they had come to save. He then had their heads cut off and deposited in a bag, and the bag sent to Bolivar, accompanied with an insulting letter, in which he declared that every captured rebel should be served in the same manner. Upon this Bolivar gave immediate orders for the execution of all the Royalist prisoners in the hands of the Patriots; and in return for this act of retaliation Morales resolved upon a massacre which should strike terror to the hearts of all.

On one pretense and another, the Spanish authorities had previously caused the arrest and imprisonment of all persons suspected of being disaffected toward the government, whether natives or foreigners; and these prisoners, some eight hundred in number, were confined in the dungeons of La Guayra. To put these all to death was now the resolve of the incarnate fiend, and orders for the bloody work were issued accordingly.

The sixteenth day of June, 1815, is one to be mournfully remembered by the Patriots of South America. The morning rose bright and beautiful, and nothing in the surroundings of nature gave indications of the "bloody business" to be performed by the puny creatures of a benificent Creator. At an early hour, a large body of troops, consisting of cavalry and infantry, was drawn up around the fortress where the poor prisoners were confined; and soon these latter—pale, emaciated, and almost naked—were marched forth in chains, and conducted to a gloomy, solitary spot, called Macuto, some distance from their place of imprisonment.

At this time there chanced to be a British man-of-war in the harbor of La Guayra; and the commander, believing that some of his own countrymen might be among the victims, and that some good to them might be effected by his presence, resolved upon accepting the invitation sent him by the authorities, and being present at the execution. He accordingly, with some of his officers and several of his men, fell into the mournful procession; and on arriving at the fatal spot, was assigned a post of *honor* near the commander of the bloody work, where everything connected with the butchery could be plainly seen.

"This is a terrible duty that your Excellency is compelled to perform by order of your Superior!" casually observed the British captain to the Spanish general in command.

"It is always a *pleasant* duty to me, Señor Capitan, to send the cursed rebels out of the world!" was the brutal reply, though spoken in a tone and with an air of polite deference.

"In a fair and open battle, it might also be mine, General," rejoined the British captain; "but, pardon me, sir, if my plainness offends, when I say, that sooner than execute such an order from *my* superiors, I would throw up my commission and retire into private life."

"Men differ much in their tastes and views!" drily responded the Spanish officer, turning away to give some necessary orders to one of his staff.

The prisoners were brought together in a body, and halted upon a spot which overlooked the place of execution. Around them were drawn up the cavalry, while the infantry was deployed in platoons, to take their turns in firing upon their fellow-beings. At a signal from the commanding officer, some fifty of the victims of Spanish tyranny and persecution were selected and marched forth to the place of slaughter. On their way, they had to pass within a few paces of the place where the General and his staff and the British Captain and his officers were stationed.

As they moved slowly past to their final doom, they presented a spectacle not easily to be forgotten. Naked all but the breech-cloth—thin, pale, cadaverous, and haggard—with long, disheveled hair, dirty beards, feverish eyes, and unwashed faces—it required not a little fancy to invest some of them with their real characters, that of men of distinction in the private and public walks of life. Some looked downward, as if meditating upon the great change they were about to undergo; some crossed themselves devoutly, and earnestly and penitently listened to the words of holy consolation which fell from the lips of the venerable priests who walked by their sides; some looked quickly, wildly, almost frantically about them; and some turned upon the group of officers a bold, haughty, defiant stare; while two ventured some loud and bitter maledictions.

As soon as they had taken their station on the fatal ground, the priests slowly withdrew; while the infantry marched up within a few paces, leveled their pieces, and fired at the word. Many were killed outright by this discharge—many were mortally wounded, but yet lived and writhed—and a few were scarcely injured. None, however, were permitted to escape long—for amid the prayers and groans of the poor wretches, another line of infantry took the place of the first, and another murderous volley was poured into the breasts of the wounded and dying; and what yet escaped, were shot dead with pistols, or cut to pieces with swords, in the hands of the officers. It was a work of butchery indeed—giving pleasure to the blood-thirsty Spaniards—but exciting a revulsive feeling of horror and disgust in the breasts of the few foreigners who were witnesses of the terrible scene.

When the first fifty of the prisoners had all been dispatched, the second lot was selected and marched forward in the manner already described. As these passed the general's stand, the British captain was pained to observe some three or four faces which he could not but believe to be fellow-countrymen.

"Are not certain of these men English, Señor Commandante?" he inquired, turning to the Spanish General.

"It is possible, Señor Capitan, they had English birth; but they transgressed Spanish laws, and must suffer the penalty."

"Would your Excellency not permit me to intercede for them in behalf of my government?"

"My orders are very positive, Señor Capitan, to put *all* the prisoners under my charge to death; and the Señor Capitan is too long in the service, to require to be told that the orders of a superior bear no equivocal construction and must be implicitly obeyed. Besides, Señor Capitan, as neither of us *know* the persons you speak of to be English, perhaps it would be as well for neither of us to ask any questions."

The captain, seeing there was no chance to save the poor fellows, remained silent, and the ill-fated group moved on to meet the bloody fate of those who had preceded them. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth lots were selected, and marched forward in the same manner, to the same bloody death, and still there remained five hundred human lives to be taken.

At length, as the eighth or ninth division of victims was filing past, there looked up at the British officers a pale, white face, and a pair of blue eyes were fixed searchingly but mournfully upon them.

"Farewell, gentlemen, and fellow-countrymen!" spoke a firm and steady voice; "and when you return to our glorious native isle, pray report that Lorenzo Ferguson, of Scotland, met his death as became a gentleman and a soldier!"

"Hah!" exclaimed the Captain, in great excitement; "there is no mistake this time—that man is a Briton, and must be saved! Señor Commandante, I ask the life of that man in the name of His Britanic Majesty!"

"I regret, Señor Capitan, that my duty compels me to deny so natural a demand!" replied the Spanish General, somewhat coldly.

"What, sir! do you refuse me so little as the life of one single man?" cried the captain, flushing with anger. "By heavens, sir! you do more than Morales himself would dare! and to him I shall report."

"He you name has the power of life and death in his hands, which is not in mine, Señor," returned the officer.

"Then grant a reprieve, till your superior can be consulted!" rejoined the other.

"I would if I dared, Señor Capitan."

"If you do not, Señor Commandante, I shall withdraw from the ground, and make such a report as will give you trouble hereafter."

Meantime the excitement among the other British officers and men was becoming intense, and loud and angry denunciations of Spanish officers and Spanish tyranny began to be spoken quite freely among them; while the priming of more than one pistol was looked to, and more than one sword was loosened in its scabbard. The Spanish general was not a little discomposed by these unpleasant demonstrations of gathering trouble; but he still remained firm, and the procession moved on.

"Gentlemen," said the British captain, addressing his own subordinate officers, "you will please suppress all demonstrations of violence! We will remain and witness the *murder* of that man—if these Spaniards dare to do it in the face of my solemn protest—and then we will retire and remember we begged in vain a fellow-countryman's life."

The British seamen, who were grouped apart from the officers, seemed even more excited than the latter; and just as the prisoners, poor Ferguson among the number, had reached the horrid scene where their companions lay piled in bloody, ghastly heaps, the attention of all was arrested by the loud yell of an Irishman, who, springing away from his brother tars, ran swiftly down to the fatal ground, shouting at the top of his lungs—

"Hold up, ye ——— cowardly spalpeens! To the divil wid ye, now, for a set of murtherin beasts! And would ye shoot a white Christian gintleman that way, now? If ye does the like, it'll have to be through Barney O'Reilly's body jist, so it will!"

While all eyes were fastened upon the shouting Barney, he reached the doomed file of prisoners, in front of the muskets of the executioners; and, throwing his arms around the neck of poor Ferguson, fairly yelled out in triumph—

"Now fire away, ye yaller nagurs! and kilt me along with a better man, if ye dare! Sure, an' it's the British lion ye'll soon hear roaring around ye, ye murthering thieves! and Barney O'Reilly 'll be willing to die, jist to see ye git your desarts now, so he will!"

These rather uncomplimentary remarks, it should be stated, were spoken in English, and not Spanish, and were not understood by the Spanish soldiery, or it is quite possible Mr. O'Reilly might not have lived to repeat them.

"Call back your fellow yonder, Señor Capitan, or I will not be answerable for the consequences!" said the Spanish general to the British captain.

"Not I!" was the sharp reply; "and if a hair of his head be injured, look to it, Señor Commandante, that you do not wish that you had never seen this day! for he, sir, is a British subject, and under the protection of the British flag."

There was a hurried consultation between the general and his staff, and then an aid dashed forward, and delivered an order to the officer in direct command of the infantry, who seemed to be in doubt as to what was proper for him to do under the circumstances.

This order brought Lorenzo Ferguson from the fated file, and gave him life and liberty; and a prouder and happier man was not to be found, than the gallant fellow whose daring had saved his life, and who now escorted him in triumph to his rejoicing friends, exclaiming—

"I knowed the yaller nagurs wouldn't dare to murther two Christians in that way, the spalpeens!"

Of the eight hundred doomed prisoners, Lorenzo Ferguson alone escaped the death decreed by the fiendish Morales; and on the spot where they fell, many of their bones may to this day be seen, bleaching in the sunshine and storm—for they who murdered refused them burial.

A friend of ours, who subsequently became acquainted with this Ferguson, received from his own lips a detail of the horrible massacre which we have so briefly chronicled. But the Scotchman, notwithstanding the fearful warning and his narrow escape, had too genuine a hatred of the Spanish oppressors to remain at his ease; and again venturing his all in the cause of the Patriots, he fell at last, fighting nobly for the freedom of his adopted country.

* * *

A **Noble Sentiment**.—Teach your children the elements of Christian Philosophy, the Bible, lessons of Love, and Temperance, and Knowledge, and Virtue, and Faith, and Hope and Charity, and you may turn them out into the world without a doubt of distrust or fear; they will never injure the state.—*Henry A. Wise.*

STAR OF THE EVENING.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I

Star of the evening! Pensive star!
To thee the absent lover's gaze
Is turned while thinking that his own
Looks also to thy lovely rays:
What tender thoughts are in his breast!
What happy hopes and feelings start,
Sweet as a seraph's choiring band,
Within the temple of his heart!

II.

Star of the evening! Musing star!
How many a poet's reverent eye
Hath seen thee as a thought of God
Stamped on the tablet of the sky!
And, O what rapturous strains have rolled
While in thy influence sublime—
Strains that shall sanctifying float
Forever down the choir of Time!

III.

Star of the evening! Sainted star!
Whenever thus I gaze on thee,
So soft, so calm, so moveless there
In thine own bright eternity—
Oh, may a calmness from thy beam
Sink on my soul by passion tost,
And all but love, warm, holy love
Within my heart, entranced, be lost!

MRS. SNOW'S HELP.

A ROMANCE OF COUNTRY LIFE.

"There now! See what you've done! Spilt that milk all over the floor that I scoured last night after you was abed and asleep! I declare, you're the biggest torment that ever a woman had! Just go, now, and get the soap and sand and some water, and scour up all them spots. 'Can't you wipe up the milk?' No, you can't wipe up the milk, 'cause milk 's just like grease on a white floor. Besides, you needn't never ask no questions, but just do as I tell you."

The shrill tones died away, for an instant, and then, in a key slightly lowered, the speaker resumed. "Serves me right for being so soft as to trouble myself with other people's brats. Never 'll ketch me doin' sech a troublesome deed of charity ag'in. I should think a child twelve years old might carry a milk-pan across the room without spillin' half the milk on the floor. There, wipe up the milk, first, and don't spread it half over the floor," to the child. "Try and do somethin' right, if you can."

"She seems to be doin' the best she can," upspoke another voice, a boyish voice, strong and pleasant. "And mebby if you wouldn't scold so much, mother, she wouldn't be so timorsome, and always droppin' and spillin' things—would you, now, sis?"

The child had scarcely time to reply by a timid, grateful glance of her large, dark eyes, when the shrill voice recommenced.

"You just mind your own business, Zade. I don't want none of your interferin' with my help. And, there, while you've been distractin' my mind, the baby 's helped himself to a slice of pork, out of the dish, and he's making nice work! Just see the marks of his ten fingers on the floor—and there goes the pork! Here, Milly, 's grease enough for you to scour up. Call the men folks in to breakfast, and while we're eatin' on't, you can clean this up. And mind, if there's one speck of it left, it 'll be worse for you."

Zade, or Zadock, a tall boy of seventeen, cast a pitying glance at the little girl, as she hurried to obey the new mandates, and then followed his mother, who, with the baby in her arms, was proceeding to the large kitchen of the farmhouse, which in summer was the eating-room of the family, while the cooking was done in the smaller room where Milly was now striving to repair the baby's mischief.

The child was left alone. And as she bent wearily to her task, the tears rose up in her eyes and rolled over her pale cheeks, while she occasionally placed her hand upon her side, and uttered a stifled groan.

She was kneeling in this attitude for a moment, forgetful that in moving she had come within the range of Mrs. Snow's vision through the open door, when the shrill voice startled her again.

"Milly! None of your loiterin' there. There's plenty of work for you to do to-day, and if you haint finished that by the time I'm done breakfast, you can just go without yours. Mind your business, Zade," in a lower voice; "you needn't be pityin' that lazy little trollope, that don't earn her salt;" then louder—"You've got all them milk things to wash and scald, and then go out into the blackberry lot and pick berries enough to make a batch of pies, and for tea, too. And when that's done, no danger but what I'll find enough for you to do, besides kneelin' down with your hand on your side."

The child bent again to the task, murmuring, "oh, if my dear mother had only lived!" but she made no reply to Mrs. Snow. When it was ended she was permitted to eat a breakfast, scanty enough, for she turned from the coarse food with a feeling akin to loathing, and then she was hurried relentlessly to her heavy tasks.

At last the shining pans and pails were all arranged upon the broad bench in the sunlight, where they were duly aired each day; and then, without a moment for rest, though the fervid August noon was approaching, Milly was sent to the field to pick blackberries. Faint, and moaning with the pain that grew every moment more severe, she went on her way.

She was very dizzy, and her head ached fearfully as the sun beat in all its power upon her. But she skirted half the field, filling her basket rapidly with the luscious fruit, till she reached a point where only the blackberry hedge and a low stone fence separated her from the road. Here she sat down upon a log in the shade, for a moment's rest. Then for a long, long time all was blank!

A little past noon a horseman came riding along the road. His linen coat and broad straw hat were suited to the season, and indicated nothing of his calling or pursuits. But the saddle-bags, of russet leather, that hung before him, proclaimed him at once a country doctor, upon his professional rounds. For the rest, he was young, with a frank, open face, a little worn, but pleasant and confidence-inspiring in its expression.

He caught sight of the ripe, jetty berries, as he rode past, tand a sudden hought struck his mind.

He dismounted, and making a funnel shaped bag of a newspaper which he took from his pocket, commenced filling it with the tempting fruit. He had nearly filled it, when a low moan from the other side of the hedge startled him so much that he had nearly dropped it. A moment, and the moan was repeated.

"Some urchin picking berries, has got a thorn in his foot, I suppose," quoth the doctor, trying to find an opening in the hedge, that he might peep through.

Failing in this, and still hearing the moans, he called out, "Hallo, there! What's the matter? I'm Doctor Gray, can I do anything for you?" There was no answer, but the pitiful moans growing fainter and fainter. "I wish I could get through or over these confounded briars," said the doctor running up and down; and at last finding a place where the hedge was comparatively thin, he made a bold sally and leaving half the skirt of his coat fluttering from a a thorn, like a trophy in the hands of a victorious enemy, he made his way into the field. And there, fallen down beside the log where she had been sitting, and pale and utterly unconscious, lay a child—Milly, Mrs. Snow's little help.

The doctor had not forgotten to take his saddle-bags when he made a breach in the briar hedge, and he speedily found a restorative with which he moistened the poor, pale lips. But his art seemed quite in vain; the child could not be restored to consciousness.

"This is something more than a hurt," said the doctor, who had a trick of talking to himself. "The child is very sick. I wonder who she belongs to. Let me see," rising up and looking round. "Mrs. Snow's is the nearest house, and I wonder if this isn't the little orphan child that Lizzie said some of the ladies who have called upon her spoke about, saying that Mrs. Snow treated her shamefully. Her father was the doctor here till he had become such a drunken vagabond, and when her mother died broken-hearted, there was nobody to take care of the child, and Mrs. Snow took her out of charity. Pretty charity, this! Why, the child is nothing but a skeleton. I can carry her easy enough, anyhow, and the old virago has got to take care of her now she has made her sick. She's been very feverish, I can see that by her lips, and this coma looks like typhoid. Well, here goes."

A few minutes later Mrs. Snow, as she was carrying the dinner to the table, was startled by the apparition of Dr. Gray bearing the sick child in his arms, at the kitchen door.

"This child lives here, doesn't she?" he asked. "Well," after the startled affirmative answer, "I've brought her here to die, I think, for she looks as if she had been starved and worked to the door of the grave. Now, just tell me where I can lay her down, and I'll see if there is anything that will bring her out of this swoon."

Mrs. Snow obeyed, though very reluctantly, and led the way to the garret where Milly usually slept, a stifling loft above the summer kitchen, with the funnel of the kitchen stove running through it, and one window high in the gable. She pointed to the cot in one corner.

"Do you think I am going to lay her here?" asked the doctor. "A pretty place for a child with the typhoid fever. No, no, you've nearly killed her, but I shall not let you finish your work, if I can help it. So show me a place where she can have some air, and a comfortable bed."

"I can't have her in my best room," said Mrs. Snow. "If she's goin' to be sick, she'll be trouble enough if she's here handy."

"Woman?" commenced the doctor in a rage, but Zade, who had followed up stairs, interfered.

"Here, take her into my room, doctor. 'Twont make much difference, mother, and I'll run up and down, and save you all the steps I can, and sleep on her cot in the kitchen chamber while she's sick."

The doctor waited for no further parley, but deposited his charge on the comfortable bed, in the large airy room occupied by Mrs. Snow's son and heir.

It was a long and fearful sickness through which the child struggled. Mrs. Snow grumblingly paid her such attention as she could not avoid. Zadock watched her devotedly in all his intervals of labor, and it was wonderful to see what a tender and skillful nurse love made this awkward, loutish boy. The doctor came twice or thrice daily, though Mrs. Snow waylaid him at his second visit, to tell him that she "couldn't pay no doctor's bill for that child, and he needn't come no oftener than he felt disposed to, out of charity." And Lizzie, the doctor's sweet, young bride, spent many an hour by Milly's bedside in watchful silence when she was still very ill, and talking and reading when health began slowly to come back.

It was not until she was well enough to sit up for several hours of the day, propped up by pillows, that the proposition of transferring her to the doctor's home was first broached. The child received it with such surprise and joy that the doctor trembled for her health, under the excitement. But she was no worse the next morning when he came, and very anxious that he should try to obtain Mrs. Snow's consent.

This was an easier task than either anticipated. For though the good woman grumbled and scolded not a little, she was secretly anxious to get rid of the feeble child, who she foresaw would be a burden, rather than a help, to her. But Zade's emotion was pitiful to behold.

"Your'e just like my sister, Milly," he said, "and I did want you to live here always. But I know it's best, for the doctor's wife will teach you, and you'll have a pleasant home, where you wont have to work. But don't forget poor Zade."

Milly answered by putting her arms round his neck, and kissing his sun burned, freckled face.

"Milly 'll never forget you, Zadock," said Mrs. Gray, "and you must come and see her as often as you can, and the doctor and I will always be glad to see you, for you know we are all very good friends, now."

Zadock's "manners" all forsook him at this invitation, but that he appreciated it, he showed by haunting the house where Milly lived, for the next six years.

And those six years, what changes had they wrought! Milly had become a tall, beautiful girl of eighteen, well-educated, refined and lovely in heart and life. The doctor's wife had imparted to her all her accomplishments, and much useful knowledge, and two or three terms at a neighboring academy, and much well selected reading, had done the rest. Her social position, as the doctor's adopted daughter, brought her in contact with the best society, and she had many friends, and some lovers.

It was this latter fact that troubled the soul of our friend Zadock Snow. He had never thought of Milly save as a sister, until he heard that others sought her in marriage, and the pang that this knowledge gave his honest heart revealed to him that she was something far dearer, and that life itself would be of little worth if not shared with her. He was now twenty-three years old, and, except by desultory study, and such knowledge as he had acquired by association with the Grays, almost entirely uneducated. He was a raw, uncultivated country youth. Milly a refined young lady, whose manners would have graced any circle. He was no fit mate for her, and as the knowledge dawned upon his mind, he sat down alone in his chamber, and a few big tears rolled over his face.

He was resolved to make himself worthy of her, if that were possible. But how? His father's will had left the property at his mother's sole disposal, except two hundred dollars to which he was entitled on coming of age, but which he had never claimed. He very well knew that his mother would do nothing to aid him to marry Milly, whom she hated, because she had once ill-treated her, a common action of low minds; and he must therefore depend on himself and his pittance.

A few days later Milly received a letter from Zadock in which he informed her that he had entered the Academy at ——, and that he intended to acquire an education and make himself if possible worthy of her. He spoke meekly of his love, but did not seek to bind her by any promises, saying that he thought of making himself one whom she could respect and look upon as an equal, was quite enough motive for all his toil!

During the three years that followed nothing was heard of Zadock. He had gone to another school, at a distance, and his mother, who was deeply offended at his leaving her, never spoke of him. Milly felt grateful for his love, and at the same time embarrassed by it. To her, he was only the tall, awkward, sunburned, loutish boy, very good at heart, but coarse and uncultivated, totally different from the ideal she had enshrined in her heart.

Milly had many lovers now, and to one of them she believed she had given her heart. But he was not one in whom her adopted parents had confidence. They earnestly besought her to renounce him, and after many tears and struggles she consented to do so, in an interview promised for the following day.

"I have promised to ride with him, papa Gray," said Milly, "to the mountain spring. I will tell him all on the way."

Dr. Gray besought her not to go with this man, whom he distrusted, but she was resolved to fulfil her promise. On the next day, accordingly, she rode by his side along the winding road that led to the mountain spring, and as they stopped in the cool shade of the trees that surrounded the rocky, moss-fringed basin, where the bright waters bubbled up, to leap down the mountain side in many a flashing cascade, she told him all,—that she loved him well and truly; but for the sake of those who had been to her as parents she had promised to bid him farewell.

Pleadings followed, with his dangerous dark eyes upon her, and words that turned her love to terror, and awakened a strange dread in her soul. She no longer feared the parting. A horrible repulsion sprung up in her soul; she scarcely knew why, for she hardly comprehended his words, and she broke from his detaining grasp, and urged her horse swiftly along the precipitous mountain path. Close after her came her lover. And where the road grew rugged, and the horse's speed was stayed, he reached her side again, siezed her bridle, and vowing that they never should part in life, urged her onward in a bye-road that led in a direction opposite to her house.

The bridle was in his hand, and the two were speeding along, her lover vowing that the first priest found should make her his wife, and threatening her with horrible words if she refused; and she, in her ignorance, despairing of escape, when suddenly a sound broke upon her ear, a tramp of feet among the brush-wood, a loud, strong voice, that inquired—

"Hallo, stranger, what are you doing with this lady? We don't drag ladies over the mountain roads, like this, in these parts. What are you doing?"

Here the speaker, a tall, brown, bearded man, burst through the bushes, and appeared upon the path before the pair. He held a gun in his hand, and a string of game was suspended from his belt. Milly's persecutor had paused a little at first, but he now pressed boldly on, as if he would ride down the intruder, to whom he vouchsafed no answer.

"Why, Milly!"

There was a great shriek of joy, a cry of "Zade!" and Milly sprung into the arms of the tall man, who put her very coolly behind him, while he leveled his gun at her discomfitted lover, and ordered him to move off pretty quickly, or it would be worse for him.

He obeyed, leaving Milly's horse behind, on which she presently rode back to her home.

Of course, Milly looked upon Zadock as her preserver. Her love for the unworthy one had quite died out, and it was not quite unnatural that she should find herself liking the really good-looking, manly fellow that Zadock Snow had become.

Not more than a year thereafter, she stood at the altar of the village church with him, and became his wife. Mrs. Snow was dead, and the young pair went to live in the handsome mansion, which had arisen on the site of the old farm house, built by Milly's money.

Milly's money? Ah, yes, she was an heiress now. Her father's brother, a childless bachelor, who had ignored her existence all his life, had, in dying, bequeathed his large fortune to her.

"That fellow heard of it in the village that morning," Zadock was wont to say. "He heard the doctor reading the letter in the lawyer's office. He knew Milly didn't know it yet, and he meant to secure her and the money too, by forcing her to marry him. She was terribly frightened, for she didn't know that he couldn't marry her against her will. But then, she was the more grateful to me for thinking I saved her from it, and so I never told her till she was mine."

So ended this quiet little romance of country life. And I don't think Milly ever regretted choosing Zadock Snow, with his good heart, and good principles, from among the crowd of showy lovers, which the news of her heirship brought around her.

UP THE ORINOCO.

BY AN ITALIAN EXILE.

When I had escaped, with my life, to the continent discovered by my countryman, Columbus, I could not, like people of most other European nations, find in any part of it a home. There was not and there never had been any country belonging to Italians, in either North or South America—no, not even a city or a settlement. In surveying the vast Western World on the chart, I felt no inclination to live in crowds, or to engage in busy life; I felt rather a desire for solitude and seclusion from society. Being sick at heart with the scenes I had witnessed, I desired to banish them from my mind, and to hear no more of events in the Old World, where everything was going on in opposition to my wishes. Being a naturalist, and fond of the study of strange nations and countries, I resolved to plunge into the most secluded and unknown wilds; and chose the upper regions of the Orinoco. To get there I went to the Island of Trinidad, where it was easy to find boats or small vessels running to that great river; and I was soon feasting my delighted eyes on the displays of tropical vegetation in the extensive regions of low and watery country through which its numerous channels flow. The density of vegetation forbids any passage over land; and the only traveling is in boats, by which the natives are continually moving in all directions, many of them having their homes in secluded retreats, unknown perhaps to all men except themselves. Vast tracts of similar country extend over a great part of the Guyanas, where the floods from the mountains overflow the banks of the streams during much of the year, and form large shallow lakes, repelling civilized men even from exploring them, and scarcely admitting of occasional visits from the sparse and savage Indian population.

I pressed up the Orinoco with but little delay, and saw many things interesting and wonderful to me in those vast domains of tropical nature. Wild birds fly over head, displaying splendid plumage; wild animals, both savage and harmless, occasionally come to the banks to drink, and stand gazing at the passing boat; while fish abound in extraordinary numbers in the water below. Such is the prolific luxuriance of nature, in all her departments, that the traveler hesitates to tell some of the best-known facts, lest he shall expose himself to the charge of exaggeration; and in nothing, perhaps, is he more liable to suspicion, than in describing phenomena presented at certain seasons, by the immense shoals of fish which then crowd some of the streams. When, in their passage, they come to a contracted channel, they sometimes appear to form almost a solid mass, through which a boat seems to force its way with difficulty; and many of them are often known to die, apparently from the impossibility of proceeding, or of extricating themselves. What may be the real cause of their death, I will not take it upon me to say; but it is certain that millions of them die in such circumstances; and where the river is overshadowed by thick forests, and the broughs meet and form a roof overhead, the atmosphere becomes so tainted and so oppressive that it can hardly be endured.

A few travelers have visited some of the upper waters of the Orinoco, and published accounts of the painted rocks near the falls. I also had some opportunity to see them; but, as my objects lay beyond, I pressed on, accompanied by several Indians, who showed me kindness. While passing in a canoe along the river some distance beyond, where it pursued a winding course through low banks covered with woods, we were attacked by a small party of natives, who showed a savage desire to destroy us, although we took every means to convince them of our friendly disposition. There I first became acquainted with the *Blow-pipe*, the slight but formidable weapon much used in those regions, as well as in certain other and distant parts of the American contiment. It is a reed, fifteen or twenty feet long, hollowed out smooth from end to end, from which a small arrow is blown by the breath, so as to fly a surprising distance, and strike its mark with great precision. A small ball of cotton at the back end of the arrow serves to take the force of the breath, and to keep the little shaft in its place. The weapon would be of no effect but for the deadly poison in which the point of the arrow is dipped. With this, the smallest puncture is sufficient to produce certain and speedy death, even to men and the largest wild beasts.

The habits and customs of the Indians are in some respects interesting, and such as to cultivate feelings of peace and friendliness. A village, even when it embraces a considerable number of families, contains only a single house, of sufficient size to accommodate all, and yet give no room for dissension or dissatisfaction. Rules, of high antiquity, are established, and strictly regarded, by which a place is assigned to each family and every member of the community. The house has a large central hall, which is surrounded by small apartments, formed on all the sides, each of which is regarded as the exclusive property of a particular family or individual; and every one enjoys equal privileges, according to sex, age, &c., in the great public room. There the people meet, walk, sit, converse, and do whatever custom allows, in perfect order, and always in good nature. In short, the scene is often like that in a beehive, where all are busy and bustling, without interference or real confusion. I was received with hospitality wherever I went, and felt quite free and at home among those simple but kind-hearted people. I might, indeed, call them more civilized than millions of Europeans, who pass their lives in far less comfort and cleanliness, and really are more ignorant and morally degraded.

My appearance and everything about me were entirely new to my new friends, and some things in my possession appeared very valuable in their eyes; but they never showed any propensity for pilfering, while they freely shared with me food and whatever I needed. They assisted me in collecting and preserving plants and birds, and took great pains to capture for me several diminutive white monkeys of a very rare species, a few of which I succeeded in bringing alive to New York, although they are of a delicate nature, and require great skill and care in feeding and treating, in which my obliging friends instructed me.

These accounts may surprise the public, who are generally impressed with the belief that such savages, or semi-barbarous people, in the interior wilds of America, as preserve their independence and original manners, must be bloodthirsty, and ready to kill all strangers who fall into their power. I have not room to describe what I saw during my second visit to the same regions, in which I was accompanied by my wife. Although she had been accustomed to refined society in Italy, she lived happily with me a long time among those children of nature, and returned safely with me to revisit the civilized world.

I will only add, that I made several inland voyages in canoes, with some of my savage friends, at those seasons of the year when the streams are full and the marshes overflowing, and passed and repassed, by rowing, between the head waters of the Orinoco and the Amazon, and even reached some of those of the Plata. Thus I practically proved what has been conjectured by some learned men, that it is possible to make an uninterrupted interior passage, by water, through nearly the entire length of South America, from the Caribbean Sea to the South Atlantic, at the mouth of the last-mentioned river. Nay, more, I ascertained that the low plateaux from which the head waters of these three great rivers begin their courses, are frequently and freely crossed and re-crossed by the Indians in their canoes.

"ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES AND GO AT IT."

We are a new race; we are the creatures of a new era, not perfectly risen, but dawning upon us. Never yet has mankind stood in the position which we occupy—so full of knowledge, so full of the past—of a past unparalleled in the history of civilization. The art of printing, at its origin, re-peopled the world: from that hour man was called to another destiny, distinct from that of his former generation. A general principle assumed an universal power, and was assured of a certain, if slow result. Wisdom, no longer confined to the cabinet of the scribe, or the cloister of the monk, ceased to be a mere speculation; it became an active force, and was doomed, of necessity, to become—a sovereign ruler. Its career forms a variety of epochs: we have passed through many; we are entering upon one—not of thought, not of meditation. Those who have preceded have thought and meditated for us: we are entering upon an epoch in which it is our part to act. The plans of one generation are left for the next to execute. Society travels faster than the law. We should do the work that is ready to our hands. Work—cheerful, vigorous, systematic *work* is the thing now most needed. So, let everybody roll up his sleeves and go at it.

The Philosophy of Misfortune.—Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it, for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face. Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all others for him to bear; but they are so, simply because they are the very ones he most needs.

A Bad Fix.—A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir—but what bothers me most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

Pictures of Country Life, by Alice Cary, just published at one dollar per copy, by Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau street, New York, is a charming volume. It is enough to say to the readers of the Ledger that the prose of Miss Cary is as good as her poetry, with which they are all familiar.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

A lazy fop standing by his brother's workbench while the latter was sharpening a chisel, said "John, why do you *work* for a living? A fellow with your talents should not degrade himself by manual labor. I mean to get my living by my wits." "Well, Frank, you can work with duller tools than I can."

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous *visitations* they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff.

"Your fat is all in the fire," said a corpulent stump-speaker, of three hundred pounds avoirdupois, addressing himself to his opponent. "If *yours* were, we should have a foretaste of the general conflagration," replied the latter.

A man having bought a hundred-dollar pocket-handkerchief for his better-half, an acquaintance remarked that she must be "a duck of a wife," to which a bystander added—"or *he* must be a goose of a husband."

A few days ago, the operatives in a western foundry, not being able to obtain an increase of compensation, knocked their employer down. That was an unequivocal "strike for higher wages."

"My dear," said an affectionate wife to her husband, "I am going a shopping. What shall I bring you?" "I am not particular, so long as you don't *bring me in debt.*"

A great many persons keep their delicate hands covered with the skins of young goats. Moreover, a great many have their whole bodies covered with the skins of goats of *just their own age.*

"Don't you think," said a vain fellow, "that I am fit to be President of the United States or King of Great Britain?" "No, but you might make a Doge of Venice, if the title were only curtailed by a letter."

A man of high and rich parentage is in danger of thinking that the honor bequeathed to him, as well as the estate, is sufficient to support his quality without his struggling to acquire any more of his own.

We recently saw a carpenter strike his creditor with the handle of his broad-ax for civilly requesting the payment of an old debt. "Sir," said the creditor, calmly, "your acts are as narrow as your ax is broad."

If a blind man should affirm that there is no light, an atheist that there is no God, and an owl that there is no darkness, it would be hard to say which is the veriest owl of the three.

It is often much easier to ruin a man of principle than a man of none, for the former may be ruined through his scruples. Knavery is supple and can bend, but honesty is firm and upright, and yields not.

Probably fiddlers and philosophers are equally puffed up by their acquirements, and equally vain of their art. In both pursuits, the whole value of the prize consists in the difficulty of attaining it.

An editor in a neighboring city is charged with grossly misrepresenting the condition of its streets. One would think that an editor had better do almost any thing else than lie about the streets.

Cicero retorted upon a degenerate Patrician who taunted him with lack of illustrious ancesters: "It is true that I am the first of my family, but you are the *last* of yours."

The French revolution was a machine invented for the manufacture of liberty; but it worked so rapidly as to destroy its own inventors and set itself on fire.

It may seem a paradox, but is nevertheless a fact, that, hit a man upon whatever part of his body you will, the blow is sure to *go against his stomach.*

The people of Chili are called Chilese. They and the Chinese are generally supposed to be a great distance apart, but there is only an *ell* between them.

Vice and Folly may feel the edge of wit, but Virtue is invulnerable; aquafortis dissolves the base metals, but has no power to dissolve or corrode gold.

Don't expect to be called a good fellow a moment longer than you consent to do precisely what other people wish you to do.

Paley says, "it is the aim that makes the man." If a ruffian gets a good aim at him with a pistol, it is the aim that *unmakes* him.

We suppose there can be no disputing the fact that the first *Arktic* expedition was got up by Noah.

Put off repentance till to-morrow, and you have a day more to repent of, and a day less to repent in.

When dunces call us fools, our best retort is simply to prove them so.

CURRENT ITEMS.

The existence in Central Africa of an animal called the *gorilla*, or man-monkey, has at last been clearly established. A live young one was recently caught, and the skeletons of many—some of great size—have been found. The natives have a deadly fear of the gorilla, because it has a trick of hanging by its hind legs to the branches of a tree, and in that position grabs a man passing underneath by the throat, lifts him from his feet, and strangles him.

A Mr. Lasquelles, living in the northern part of Louisiana, who has given much attention to the raising of stock, was recently attacked by a Durham bull, while inspecting his herd. He drew a bowie knife and defended himself gallantly, but was finally knocked down, and so horribly gored as to die in a few hours. The bull also died the next day from the effects of the wounds inflicted with the bowie knife.

A swindler from New York, who called himself a physician, having retired to a town not a hundred miles from New York to escape a temporary pursuit of the police, was called upon to attend the son of one of the citizens in his illness, and unhesitatingly took charge of the case, which of course resulted fatally. He then borrowed all the money he could and left the place.

An old trapper named Jim Brower recently came into St. Louis with a pack of beaver skins which he had carried on his back more than seven hundred miles. He sold the skins, laid in a supply of ammunition with a part of the money received for them, got drunk on the rest and kept so for a week, then got sober, and started off for another long and lonely trapping tour.

It has not yet been ascertained how much the royal families of Europe will contribute to support, in his affliction, their deposed "cousin," the late Emperor of Hayti, Faustin Soulouque, nor is it determined which of the crowned heads shall have the honor of supplying him with a palace for his residence.

A correspondent in Buenos Ayres says that General Urquiza, the President of the Argentine Confederation, has "started a farm" about a hundred miles above that city, comprising twenty thousand acres, on which he has seventy thousand sheep, forty thousand head of cattle and two thousand horses.

A man at Pike's Peak not long since found a large mass of shining stuff which he supposed to be gold, and thereupon put on most consequential airs; but the next day he discovered that it was nothing but a yellow and glittering kind of stone, and humbly went to work again.

Louis Napoleon has determined to remove the remains of his great uncle from their mausoleum in the Invalides, to vaults at St. Denis. It would seem as though Napoleon's body were never to have permanent rest in death, any more than it had in life.

A gardener near Islip (L. I.) in trimming a grape-vine recently, cut his thumb to the bone. He paid little attention to the wound, and in a few hours it began to grow inflamed and his hand and arm began to swell, and the next day he died.

A short time since a farmer living in Albany county, in this State, sold his farm for six thousand dollars in cash, two thousand of which he gave to his wife and two children, and with the other four thousand and his servant-girl went to California.

A Miss of thirteen, living in Williamsburg, recently attempted to commit suicide on account of a disappointment in love; the object of her affection being a widower some sixty years of age, who married a widow "against the wishes" of the young lady in question.

It is stated by a French writer that nearly eighteen tons of human hair are consumed annually by civilized nations. Of this quantity Paris consumes seven tons and London five tons.

A weatherwise South Carolinian prognosticates that there will be no rain during the month of May next. He says the same thing occurred in May, 1259, and again in May, 1559.

The Mormons are growing worse and worse. Brigham Young has declared in the "Great Temple" that no officer of the United States shall inflict punishment on "one of the faithful" and live.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

WHAT THE STEAM ENGINE DOES.

I'll tell you what the Steam Engine does :—
It rows, it sculls, it propels, it screws,
It lifts, it lowers, it warps, it tows,
It drains, it plows, it reaps, it mows,
It pumps, it bores, it irrigates,
It dredges, it digs, it excavates,
It pulls, it pushes, it draws, it drives,
It splits, it planes, it saws, it rives,
It carries, scatters, collects and brings—
It blows, it puffs, it halts, it springs,
It breaks, condenses, opens and shuts—
It picks, it drills, it hammers, it cuts,
It shovels, it washes, mixes and grinds—
It crushes, it sifts, it bolts, it binds,
It threshes, winnows, punches and kneads—
It moulds, it stamps, it presses, it feeds,
It rakes, it scrapes, it bores, it shaves,
It runs on land, it rides on waves;
It mortices, forges, rolls and rasps—
It polishes, rivets, files and clasps—
It brushes, scutches, cards and spins—
It puts out fires, and papers pins;
It weaves, it winds, it twists, it throws,
It stands, it lies, it comes, it goes,
It slits, it turns, it shears, it hews,
It coins, it prints—aye, prints the news;
And to its magic, the Ledger owes
The speed with which o'er the Earth it goes—
For how could its weekly half-million shine,
Were it not for the tireless Steam Engine?

THE FRENCHMAN'S HORSE.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

In my native town, a quiet little seaport of New England, there lived a certain old Frenchman called Captain Morrice ; a very quiet and retiring kind of person, who, in spite of the prying curiosity of a Yankee village, managed to keep his own concerns to himself ; and though occupying one of the finest residences in the principal street of the town, lived a very secluded kind of life. He was said to have been a well-to-do coffee planter of the Island of Santo Domingo, who, during the negro revolution, being protected and assisted by the black patriot, Toussaint L'Ouverture, escaped with his movable wealth to the Island of Cuba.

Thus much of the history of our Monsieur Morrice I had learned ; just enough, in fact, to excite my Yankee curiosity to know more ; and I would have given all the books and toy boats I possessed for the privilege of freely questioning the taciturn and incommunicable Frenchman in relation to his past life ; but it was not till years passed away, and I became a young man, that my curiosity upon this especial subject was gratified.

Like many a New England lad who arrives at that sanguine and hopeful period of the teens, bordering on the twenties, I longed to test in my own person, the wonderful scenes of those tropic shores, of which I had heard so many exciting stories ; and I found myself one summer morning entering one of the harbors of Cuba, in the capacity of supercargo of a fine ship, with permission to travel over the beautiful Island wherever inclination might direct.

There, amid the scenes of a portion of the history of our Monsieur Morrice, I was told many interesting incidents of his former life ; one of which I will relate. But it will be necessary for me first to revert to his residence in Hayti.

The beautiful estate of Monsieur Morrice, a coffee plantation, lay in a fertile valley, some four or five leagues from St. Marc, southward, in the direction of the mountains. From its isolated position, and being in the route of predatory parties of negroes and mulattoes, as they came down from their mountain rendezvous, this place had been frequently threatened, after the outbreak of the insurrection.

The roads and bridle paths, were extremely dangerous for small parties of horsemen, as they were continually watched by the marauding maroon negroes, and murders and robberies were of hourly occurrence.

Notwithstanding this state of things, however, Morrice found it impossible to suspend his customary rides to town.

One morning being on the road, within a few miles of St. Marc, his horse, a Spanish genet from Cuba, which he had had but a few months, gave notice of danger, by a peculiar snort, and a disinclination to advance. But drawing his pistols from the holsters, the Frenchman drove the spurs into his flanks, and dashed towards the spot, on which the watchful animal had fixed his excited gaze. Before he reached it, however, there sprang out from the cover of the thicket a party of half a dozen fierce-looking bandits, armed with knives and clubs, ready to seize his bridle, should he attempt to pass. At the same instant, an equal number of the gang filled the path in his rear.

It was not the first time the fearless rider had been in a similar position. But he had never encountered danger of any kind before, with the same animal he was now riding ; and therefore could not act with the same coolness and confidence that he could, if he had all confidence in the courage of his horse. However, to turn back would have been out of the question, even if there had not been danger to encounter from the robbers in the rear. So urging his horse onward, at the top of his speed, Monsieur Morrice charged upon the ruffians, who, with their drawn knives, maintained their stand with a determined ferocity. As he approached them nearer, the Frenchman rapidly discharged his pistols, and laid two of the negroes dead in the road. His gallant little genet now, instead of evincing alarm at the noise of the firing, and the threatening attitudes of the assailants, as his master expected, caught the bit of his bridle between his teeth, and sprang with the ferocity of a tiger upon them. With dilated nostrils and eyes flashing with anger, he became altogether unmanageable ; and with ears laid back and distended jaws, leapt upon one of the negroes, and dashed him beneath his feet ;—at the same time clutching him by the throat and tearing open the jugular vein, he killed him as instantaneously as if he had been shot through the brain. Then turning suddenly upon his hind legs, the maddened animal struck down another ; and having cleared the way before him, flew at a rapid speed along the road, bearing his master uninjured from the scene of danger. In a few days after this adventure, Monsieur Morrice in visiting a neighboring planter, whose negroes were suspected of favoring the insurrectionists, was waylaid as before, and again his horse proved his fighting qualities. He now began to appreciate his value, and shortly afterwards, when the negroes had carried their successes so far that it was no longer safe for him to remain, even with his still faithful slaves, and Monsieur Morrice was forced to fly from the Island, he took this noble animal with him.

He had not been long a resident of Cuba, when one day riding out of the City of Matanzas towards the Partido in which was situated his new estate, he was waylaid by bandits in a piece of woods, which had always been the resort of desperate persons ; and for the third time his brave little stallion bore him safely through them, leaving one of the robbers in a dying condition upon the road.

The extraordinary character of his horse, which he had christened "*L'Ecraser*" (The Crusher), soon became known among his neighbors, and from them it reached the ears of the officers idling about the city. These men belonged to the troops garrisoned in the castle of San Saverino, and amongst them Monsieur Morrice, who had borne arms in the wars of Continental Europe, soon established a friendly footing. The officers, who were always looking for some new object of excitement or amusement, expressed a desire to witness the peculiar qualities of the brave L'Ecraser, declaring that it would be better than a corrida de toros (bull-fight).

This exhibition, however, the owner of L'Ecraser objected to, knowing as he did the danger attending so fool-hardy a sport, and positively refused to loan the animal, for the purpose.

The Spaniards, however, notwithstanding this refusal, were determined to see the performance of the gallant animal, and had already selected a brave and active soldier, who for a small reward had expressed a willingness to act the part of a highwayman, and attempt to arrest the dangerous animal, while being rode past a designated point.

Again the officers proposed the experiment to Monsieur Morrice, asserting the impossibility of the man's being injured by the trial, as he would of course be upon his guard, and to make their assertion the stronger, they proposed to wager largely that the soldier would not only escape uninjured, but that he would succeed in grasping his bridle and checking the fierce animal.

At length, being too closely pressed, the Frenchman, who justly prided himself upon the courage and intelligence of his horse, was forced to accept the wager, and appointed a day when the trial should be made.

The spot chosen for this dangerous sport was upon the public *paseo*, or promenade, which ran upon the margin of the shore, bounding one side of the harbor of Matanzas. At the extremity of this ride stood the castle of San Saverino, around one of the bastions of which a bridle path continued northward towards the Gulf shore. Behind this bastion the soldier was to place himself in readiness to spring upon the path, and grasp the bridle of L'Ecraser as he dashed rapidly past.

According to the arrangement, the Frenchman, on the day appointed, made his appearance at the castle, and proposed to the officers to select one of their own number to ride the horse, declining himself to witness the dangerous amusement. But this part of the programme no one was willing to take, and it necessarily devolved upon the Frenchman.

A large party of the officers and soldiers of the garrison assembled on the walls of the castle to witness the feat, and all being in readiness, the horseman started forward at a rapid gait. He had determined, in his own mind, to lose the wager rather than endanger the life of the soldier. The path beyond the *paseo*, where it turned the angle of the castle bastion, was quite narrow, so narrow, indeed, that carriages could not pass along it, and on the right hand a growth of thickets inclosed it, making it the very spot, of all others, for a successful ambuscade. This point Monsieur Morrice intended to pass so quickly that the soldier would not have a chance to make the contemplated spring towards his bridle.

But the man, knowing that the eyes of his officers were upon him, and that not only was their money at stake, but his own reward depended upon the successful result of the trial, was equally determined that the animal should not escape him. That his limbs might not be incommoded by his uniform, the soldier, who was a large and noble-looking Vizcaino, was stripped to his drawers and shirt, with his belt buckled tightly about his loins. As he stood thus, with his head stretched forward upon the lookout for the advancing horseman, and every muscle braced for the desperate encounter, he presented the most beautiful specimen of manhood the Frenchman had ever looked upon. His full, dark eye, flashing with excitement, measured the rapidly decreasing distance between him and the fierce animal, and with clenched hands and compressed lips he awaited the moment for the desperate attempt.

So completely fascinated was the rider with the gallant bearing of the noble fellow, as he stood thus awaiting his arrival, that he was abreast of the bastion before he began to draw upon the reins, in order the better to control the motions of his horse. But at this instant the soldier leaped forward into the path, and made a vain attempt to seize the bridle. Poor fellow ! it was the last act of his life. The savage brute, unmindful of the desperate effort his master was making to favor the man, leaped upon him, and dashing him fiercely to the ground with his fore feet, actually tore the flesh and bones of his face from the head, and champed the bleeding integuments between his teeth, like a beast of prey. Not content with this awful mutilation, the maddened animal, entirely beyond the control of his rider, pawed and stamped upon the body so long as as a spark of life remained.

The excitement that prevailed among the spectators of this cruel scene was indescribable ; and the comrades of the unfortunate man, regardless of the commands of their officers, sallied from the castle, and with their weapons made a dash at the Frenchman, who was still vainly endeavoring to spur his infuriated charger from the spot. One of the soldiers, with a fixed bayonet, had reached the horseman, and had drawn back his musket to thrust it to his heart, when with characteristic presence of mind the Frenchman drawing his pistol, shot the fellow down in his tracks ; and before the others had reached him succeeded in urging his horse from the place.

Although acting only in self-defence in killing the last soldier, and the entire affair transpiring under the eyes of the whole garrison, Monsieur Morrice that night found himself an occupant of the city prison, where for many weeks he remained awaiting his trial for the manslaughter of the two soldiers. At length, by bribing the courts, he was permitted to give heavy bail for his appearance at such time as the authorities might demand him. His money, however, enabled him to defer this period from time to time.

In the meanwhile, however, he found himself implicated with the Spanish officers in quarrels, in consequence of the unhappy affair ; and justly feeling himself the offended party, refused to make any terms with them but at the point of the sword. Duel followed duel, in which he received many wounds, but from which he always came off first best. At length, harrassed by the enmity he had thus unwittingly incurred, Monsieur Morrice followed the advice of a few friends, and left the island for three years. He made my native town his temporary residence. After the expiration of that time, learning that his enemies had been replaced by other troops, he returned to his estate, where he continued to reside till some years after, when he again revisited our town, and ever after remained with us.

Monsieur Morrice was frequently offered large sums for the gallant L'Ecraser ; but he never permitted him to leave his possession, or to be mounted by another ; and when, after a good old age, he died, his mastor erected a monument over his grave, and caused to be recorded upon the marble his extraordinary exploits ; and who ever, on visiting the Queen of the Antilles, chances to ride past the "*Cafetal Santa Catalina*," in Lagunillas, cannot but observe the beautiful little obelisk which stands under a cluster of drooping bamboos, at the entrance to the estate :

" And till the mountain tops grow old,
And cease the storms to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The brave L'Ecraser's grave."

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

Number Eleven.

NIAGARA FALLS, BUT NOT DESCRIBED.

Any attempt to convey to those who have not seen it, "a realizing idea" of Niagara Falls, must be a miserable failure, even when the description is calm, detailed, and scientific ; and much more when it is exclamatory and poetic. But, after one has himself been at the Falls, and subject to their influence, all reasonably well written descriptions become interesting. One cannot but wish to know how other minds have been affected, and what were the secret reasons of different experiences. With some most literal persons the whole concern may be expressed in arithmetical figures ;—the American falls are so high and so wide ; the Canada falls are so much wider and so much lower ; the water is *so* deep, and so many tuns are estimated to pass over in an hour ; the rapids descend at such an angle, and so many feet. There is to them neither more nor less than just what is before them—a vast, roaring plunge of water. To another, we may suppose there is added a fine perception of form, color, and motion. He will have an artist's eye for each feature—as if he were turning in his mind unconsciously the anatomy of the thing, and revolving how it could be rendered on canvass.

But to others, while this may not be wanting, there is a very different class of mental sensations. After the first bewildering excitement begins to assume a more settled form, and the confused and multiplex conceptions grow up each upon its own stem, one is conscious, at least I was conscious, that I did not so much see simply the Falls, as, seeing them, feel *thousands of associations* which they touched and vivified. And it seems that, besides their wondrous quality of beauty, and force, and grandeur, they have a yet more wonderful power of *suggestion*. Thus, while I was steadily gazing at these perpendicular waves, and thought that I was really *seeing* them, the mind had glanced back, and was experiencing a strange sense of the length of years, and unending, unintermitted work. For ages, before an eye saw them, long before even an Indian wandered toward their mysterious thunder ; while Columbus was steering westward,—while battles were destroying Rome, while Romans were sacking Jerusalem, while Israel wandered in captive lands, while David was penning in his psalm " The voice of the Lord is upon the waters : the God of glory thundereth : the Lord is upon many waters. The voice of the Lord is powerful ; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The Lord sitteth upon the Flood, the Lord sitteth king forever,"—these mighty Falls were making their solemn chorus. And not for one moment has there been check or pause. It seems to one, at first, as if they wrought for *him* : as if, when he departed, they must fade out somewhat as they do in his remembrance. And it comes with great power home to us that they have thundered for ages, neither caring whether men heard or were deaf, or absent, in winter and summer, amid storms or sunshines, dark or light, under the stars and under the sun. Our own emotions seem to be a part of the scene. That there should have been such long space in which no one shuddered, or laughed, no one was solemn or glad, no one looked or lingered, or yearned, while yet all this upheaved glory was active still, makes one feel what the unworthy disciple said, Why was this waste ? It is like a drama enacted in a solitary theatre ; a sermon discoursed into emptiness. Then one wonders what the sensations must have been of the millions of diverse minds that have thronged these banks, in all degrees of capacity and sensibility, in all moods of sobriety and sorrow, in all experiences of gaity and joy—young and old, wise men and fools, giggling girls for once hushed and overawed, before this stern and uncoquetting beauty, that would as remorseless swallow down babe and beauty as it would bear or log. Could the simple and natural experiences of all the souls which have been wrought upon before this Majesty of Waters, be vividly recorded, it would be yet more wonderful than Niagara itself.

One is not long in discovering that he is seeking to express that which he sees, by comparisons with familiar objects. I cannot till this moment, when looking upon the bubbling out of jets of white from the face of the descending water, forbear to think that it is a process of blossoming. This takes place peculiarly upon the Canada side. The water at the centre angle comes to the plunge with unbroken surface, a massive movement, a solemn dignity, as if conscious of the secret power which slept within. It bends without a wrinkle ; it plunges ; but at less than a third of its descent, some projecting crag from beneath catches it, or the air hisses up through it, and white ebulitions evolve, growing more and more frequent, until before the mass is hid in the mists which gather about its feet, it is sheeted all over with flowers. This is not a suggestion merely of color, but of motion. The evolution of these diamond bouquets, is suggestive of the rapid opening of leaves, like the quick, final opening of flower buds. Neither can one, by any process of reasoning, get rid of a sense of *life* in this cataract. It is felt in the rapids above, in the long-descending fall, in the infuriate and agonized uproar beneath the Horse-Shoe, and perhaps even more than anywhere in the race beneath and beyond the suspension bridge, two miles below. You do not at all admit that you are so wrought upon in your inmost soul by a mere mass of inert water drawn down the cliff by gravitation. It must be a living voice that speaks to you. You attribute volition to it. No one thinks or speaks of it as a passive thing, irresistibly acted on ; but as a fierce will, as an irresistible power, full of all caprices, of inordinate passions, surpassing in rage, and fury, and terrible strife, all that we have conceived of in human conflicts, or the rage of contending beasts, or the coil and twist of mightiest serpents. This sense of life grows more earnest and real the nearer you come to the water. At a little distance the sense of beauty takes precedence of all others, but stand at the foot of either sheet, or close upon the edge of table rock, or more remarkably yet, descend beneath table rock, and turning to the left a hundred yards, go down and out to the very edge of the stream, that, having made its leap, is hissing past in wild affright and immeasurable speed, and you will have a brave heart indeed, or a very stupid one, if you do not feel as if you were looking in upon a chasm of perdition, and were in momentary danger of being clutched by weird spirits and hurried headlong to destruction. No one can look out over this particular scene, from the edge of it, without an impression of subterranean and infernal doings. At one moment the innumerable jets that never for two seconds wear the same form ; that are not water, nor foam, but both ; that open and stretch out long hands leaping up as if clutching at some invisible prey ; then, rush together, and whirl round and round in a maze of fury, suggest to you a liquid prairie full of raging and bedevilled water-wolves. If the eye changes a little, looks farther up towards the opening and shutting mist, it fancies that there are monsters beneath in horrible sport. The water swells up as if they were about to emerge, or bubbles and boils after them as they sink down again. You look for the serrated and knotted black back, you almost can see the huge sprawling legs and tentaculæ of the fabulous Norwegian Kraken, acre-large, and here, sporting with all their young litter. There is one point where, above all others, you have a sense of power, in a three fold form ; going beneath table rock, as far as you can, without going behind the sheet, you see the force with which the water descends. It is not a steady pouring, but in successive bolts ; it has the appearance of clenched fists, pelting downward toward the rocks. Behind this is the gloomy and mysterious mouth of the cave, swept across by violently blown mists. The wild eddying of these vapors was to us very impressive. We looked to see some storm-god issue forth, and these were his whirling couriers speeding out before him. Just below, an eddy swept round a point of rock, forming a whirlpool, some fifty or sixty feet in diameter. Into this had been sucked several trunks of trees, logs, planks, besides lesser trash. It was affecting to look at their attempts to escape. For surely they were alive, and conscious of their danger, and wildly heading out toward the raging waters, which mounted them, beat them down, whirled them back, and sent them round again in the endless circle. And so we watched them for a half hour, and longed to do something to help them—for it was plain that they could not help themselves. Doubtless they are whirling there yet, as I write ; and yet, as you read. Nor could one of my profession refrain from thinking that thus stray men, swept by their passions, are caught and whirled nightly round and round, by currents that are easily entered, but that defy all escape, until their work is done, and they cast the mangled victim in fragments all along the shore !

One that had not seen could hardly be persuaded that over all these views there is spread the most dazzling and exquisite beauty. The very stream that rushes like a raging demon at you, and splits upon the rock on which you sit, is beaded all over with sparkling bubbles, that, every one, might teach a diamond how to shine. Those globes that belly up from the deep are sheaves of pearls ; those wildest circles that shoot out like suddenly uncoiled serpents, give you every curve of beauty, and are white with efflorescent gems. The mind changes with perpetual and involuntary transitions from terror to admiration ; from terrible power to exquisite loveliness. It is a scene of raging power covered all over with a robe of perfect beauty. The mists assume every form ; rising as a stately pillar, or swept by the winds and diffused like clouds. Meantime the whole air is solemn with the undertone of the falls ; for, the most obvious sound is a sharp and crashy roar. But down below, there is a suppressed thunder, as of an organ playing beneath the uplifted song of a thousand voices.

The sense of irresistible power is common to every part of this scene, when approached near to. The tumult and headlong rush of the Rapids, whirling, tumbling over each other, one wave devouring another—the stately plunge of the solemn green water, the boiling and madness of the tormented chasm below, with very different effects in other respects, have a sense of irresistible power that makes your own strength insignificant. You are the most helpless of all creatures. A gnat, a spider, a leaf, have as much power to resist, as you. A struggle would be a folly. Even an outcry would be as if you were dumb. Such utter nothingness, before a presence, upon which the hand of man can never be lifted, is a kind of annihilation. Courage, resistance, strength, contention, are words without any meaning to a man who steps three feet farther out beyond where I stand.

But different portions of this system of falls,—for it is not *a* fall, but an elaborate, cataract-system—have very different expressions of feeling. Seen from a distance, as from the terrapin bridge and tower on Goat Island, the rapids are not victim waves, hurried to execution, but they come down toward you with all tokens of joy, flinging up their arms, and rushing with an ecstacy of exhilaration, a very carnival of waters. Sometimes one thinks, when looking far up to the upper line of the rapids, where they back against the sky, of a troop of bannered knights, filling the air with white pennons and streamers, and charging down toward you, and every few moments some larger swell, like a suddenly spurred steed, bolts upright and above all its fellows. At other times, when in positions that bring the sun aright, it seems as if, from below, water sprites were ostentatious of their jewels, and flinging them by millions to glitter a moment in the sun, and then flash back to the wave again. All hasty visitors, and almost all who think themselves thoroughly acquainted with the Falls, miss the only view of the Rapids which, once seen, one wishes to carry away in his memory, and that is on the Canada side, about two miles from the Clifton House, on the Chippewa road, at a place called Street's mill. As compared with this, all other views of the Rapids are fragmentary. This one, at that particular point, gives them in such perspective, that they seem to stretch away ten miles, although not in fact half a mile wide. If one, on returning, looks from the hill, back upon the scene which he has just been viewing, he can scarcely be persuaded that the few strips of foam which he sees could have seemed so immensely outstretched. It is the most gloriously deceptive view around the Falls.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. B. says he is a stranger in N. Y., and wishing to pay a visit to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn he was paying his ferriage for that purpose, when a lady near him gave a little cry, upon ascertaining that she had lost her portemonnaie. C. B. says that he offered, though a stranger to the lady, to pay her ferriage ; whereupon she commenced calling him all sorts of scoundrels for his gallantry. C. B. wishes to know if he made a great mistake in this his first attempt in our Metropolitan City to be *polite*. We cannot tell until we know the *manner* in which he made the offer, which in itself considered was quite proper. Perhaps there was, unconsciously to himself, a familiarity in his tone, or an expression of admiration in his eye, which frightened a lady under such perplexing circumstances, in a city where women are spirited out of sight and no policeman ever knows *where*. A gentleman making an offer at such a time should do it very gravely and respectfully if he wishes it taken in good faith. A flippant tone, or an over-excrutiating bow, with one hand in the left vest pocket, looks suspicious ! Perhaps C. B. overdid it ; we hope, however, he will be better rewarded next time for his *good intentions*.

Clara wants to know what house-plants are the most easily cultivated. She says she is a poor sewing-girl, and wants something, if it be only *one* plant, to make her dull room look brighter. Violets, mignionette and the pretty green moss (used by gardeners for borders) are very easy of cultivation and very hardy. Almost any florist, however, could give Clara the desired information, or if she feels modest about asking *them*, let her inquire of some of the little bouquet girls who are to be found every day selling their pretty flower baskets. No flower thrives well without sun and light, which we fear Clara may not have in abundance in her little room. However, we are glad she has the desire to try to get the most out of life, in an innocent way, that her situation will admit of.

Constant Reader asks what does it signify to kiss a lady on the *eye*. He says the question arose between him and his lady-love ; that they know what it means to kiss the cheek, the forehead, and the lips, but do not know what it means to kiss the *eye*. We never tried it, being totally unaccustomed to *eye-service* ; but we should suppose a kiss in that direction to be rather poppy-fying—or in other words, soothing and conducive to sleep. We leave constant reader to pursue his experiments.

B. S. J.—It is strange you should want " our opinion and our whole opinion" of a man who cheated his own father-in-law. There can be but one opinion on the subject, and that is, that the fellow is a villain.

Martha.—*Don't* marry where you don't love. No happiness will grow out of it.

Widower.—This gentleman had a wife. He also had a dog—a Newfoundland dog. According to his labyrinthian narrative, he thought a great deal of his dog ; but it does not clearly appear that he thought much of his wife. The dog, it seems, was not beloved by the wife. She thought he had supplanted her in the affections of her husband. So she persecuted the Newfoundland and exasperated her spouse. She one day threw the dog's plate of bones and meat in the swill, whereupon her husband (our correspondent) gave him a poundcake which she had prepared for company. Thenceforth her hatred of the dog knew no bounds. And one day, as the Newfoundland lay sleeping peacefully by the cooking-stove, a pot of boiling water slipped from the dame's hand upon his prostrate form, whereby he was so horribly scalded that his master had to shoot him for very pity. The ordeal was a terrible one, and it steeled his heart against the partner of his bosom. She asseverated that the upsetting of the pot was a pure accident, but he " knew better," and started for Indiana. He there obtained a divorce, and vowed never more even to *see* his once " adored partner," &c. But to his great surprise, on coming back to this Empire State, he found that his divorce was not recognized by our laws, and that his wife in many respects had the legal advantage of him. This rekindled his love for her. He found that he had " been mistaken" and " rather hasty." Besides, there are the " poor children." On the whole, he thinks he had better ignore that Indiana divorce ; but his wife won't do it unless he will marry her over again " so as to make everything sure." The question is—" Had he better do it ?" We decline giving any advice in this case, except to the wife ; she had better keep the advantage she has gained.

To Applicants for Employment.—The ladies and gentlemen who have sent us contributions and specimens of their writings are hereby respectfully informed that we have no room for any articles except such as are furnished by our regular contributors ; and they will please take this statement as a reply to their respective applications. Were it possible for us to reply personally to those who voluntarily send us contributions, we would cheerfully do so : but, *it is absolutely impossible.* We can not even read their compositions. *Should we devote all the working hours of every working day to the task, we could not peruse, with critical attention, the contributions sent us, and reply to the applications made to us for employment.* And yet, all these contributions are sent, and all these applications are made, in the very teeth of repeated declarations that we do not want voluntary contributions from any source, and that we cannot entertain applications for employment. We are sorry that the days are not longer, and the human powers more enduring in this latitude, so we might have time and strength enough to write a cozy, comfortable, friendly letter to every one of our correspondents ; but as hereabouts the days are only twenty-four hours long, and " tired nature " requires a certain nightly modicum of her " sweet restorer, balmy sleep," we think that our friends will exonerate us from all obligation to do otherwise in respect to this matter of " contributions " and " applications " than we have done. Therefore, dear friends, please remember " the facts of the case," and save your time, labor and postage stamps.

Dromedary.—If you profess to be a Christian—if you believe the Sermon on the Mount, as you in effect say you do, what is the need of your asking whether or not revenge is right? Of course it is *not* right. Nor is the sinuous course pursued by you in settling up your affairs, right. A man who professes to be a Christian has no business to tamper with the " enemy "—he has no business to do anything concerning the propriety of which he has any doubt. Your plea of pecuniary loss does not avail in the court of religion and morality. Either act honestly or else give up your hypocritical professions of piety.

J. R. W.—We do not think it unbecoming in a clergyman to play a game of chess occasionally, nor to engage in any other innocent pleasure at proper times and places. The moral law makes no distinction between pastor and flock. What is right for the one is right for the other. What is wrong for the one is wrong for the other. Clergymen cannot be too " dignified," but there is a false dignity and a true dignity ; a dignity of the " cloth," and that dignity which comes of a well-filled mind and a conscience void of offense. It is no part of true dignity to eschew harmless diversion.

M. P. E.—You say you have a sweetheart whom you love to distraction, and that a young lady is trying to cut you out. Let her try—if she succeeds, it will only prove that you have been loving an *imaginary* idol, whom you have discovered (fortunately for you, *in time*) to be very common clay. If she does *not* succeed, you will have the satisfaction of living and belonging to that rare specimen—a man who, under temptation, can be true and faithful, in letter and spirit, to an absent love. Such a man is pure gold, *when you find him.*

Jacob asks why people will darken churches with stained glass windows, till they are as gloomy as a cell at the Tombs. *Fashion—fashion*, Jacob ! Beside, don't you know that fashion prescribes eye-glasses both for young and old, near and far-sighted—therefore where would be the necessity of a light church or good eyes? Seriously, we agree with Jacob in liking the good old-fashioned " meeting-house," where there was plenty of light, plenty of air, and plenty of plainly-dressed worshippers.

Wife.—You are entitled to such support and such necessaries as it would be reasonable for a woman in your rank and position in society to have ; and if your miserly husband will not so supply you, you can invoke the aid of the law which will compel him to maintain and treat you properly. In such cases the courts take a discriminating and equitable view of the matter, and compel the husband to give his wife such a support as his wealth and the social position of his family render seemly and reasonable.

A. wishes to know if a gentleman with an umbrella meets two ladies during a rain, if he is to accompany them with his umbrella, or offer it to them for their use. We should advise the latter course, if he wishes to be of service, unless, indeed, his umbrella is of the mammoth pattern, and his arms be long and strong, and he knows—what so few men know—how to hold an umbrella over a lady without giving her all the drippings.

S. G. N.—The account you enclosed of the drowning of the fishing party by the sudden rising of the Illinois river, is not beyond belief. Owing to heavy rains the streams of the West often rise suddenly to a great hight ; and a party on the shore, at a place where retreat should be impossible, (on account of high bluffs, for instance,) would be pretty certain to be drowned by one of those impromptu floods.

Jennie.—Physicians are not more addicted to dissipation than the men of other professions , but medical students are. The wild, tobacco-chewing students who frequent the medical colleges either die young, or are soon pushed out of the profession by those who *studied* when they were students, and behaved themselves like gentlemen and men of sense.

M. M.—If your gentleman friend with whom you have been on terms of intimacy is going away on a journey, we see no impropriety in your asking him to let you hear from him occasionally, if you wish to do so. Of course, the obligation is on the side of the gentleman, who should consider himself the party favored by such a permission from a lady.

Burlington.—We do not think that a perpetual-motion machine would find much favor at the Patent Office, since every good mechanic knows that such a machine is an impossibility. Better not bother your brains trying to do what can't be done.

T. W.—What is our opinion of a man who takes a Ledger not his own out of the Post-Office, reads it, hands it to his family, who also read it, then " stores it away in his pocket," and forgets to give it to the owner? Well, our opinion of that individual is—too great for utterance.

Meershaum.—A young lady who should tell you the second time she saw you, " that she loved you better than anybody she ever knew," would be very likely to say the same thing to the next man she saw after your back was turned. Don't be credulous.

J. B.—We cannot conceive that a " lady" could hail from her house a passer-by with insolent words, even though he may be an acquaintance. If so, contemptuous silence is the best way to meet it, if it *must* be met, and one has no choice of streets to walk in.

J. B. L.—This correspondent wants to know why, since the plural of Irishman is Irishmen, the plural of German is not Germen. The reason is that Irishman *is* an English word and follows the analogy of the English language German is not English.

J. A. H.—The remedy for slander is a good life, which refutes it. The woman who, as you say, fabricates lies about you, is not likely to be believed, for liars, as a general thing, are known to be such.

Bird's Eye.—We do not see any harm in a young gentleman's sending a paper to a young lady. On the contrary, it is a way of disposing of a paper you have read which is as proper as it is pleasant.

Montgomery.—The words, " Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," are Shakespeare's. See Twelfth Night, Act II., Scene V.

W. A. B. asks if a gentleman is to precede a lady in walking up hill if the path is narrow, and will only admit one at a time. Certainly, at least until *hoops* are out of fashion.

A. J. B.—What shall you do when a girl gives you the mitten ? Why, put it in your pocket, of course, and ask her if she won't be so kind as to make it a pair.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*